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BURTNER, ELMER EDWIN
Memorial of a man of
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**Memorial
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God**

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Elmer Edwin Burtner

OCTOBER 31, 1881

SEPTEMBER 27, 1923

MEMORIAL OF A MAN OF GOD

ELMER EDWIN BURTNER, D.D.

Late Honored and Beloved Minister
of the First Church of the
United Brethren in Christ
Westerville, Ohio



Lovingly Edited by a Committee
of the
Wagoner Memorial Bible Class
of the Church
and Published by the Class

*"I have fought the good fight, I have finished
the course, I have kept the faith."*

—2 Timothy 4:7

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Loving Tribute of the Editing Committee.....	11
I.—THE FUNERAL SERVICES	
Scripture Reading—Rev. S. F. Daugherty.....	17
Prayer—Rev. Howard Hyde Russell.....	17
Obituary Address—Rev. J. H. Harris.....	18
Reminiscences—Rev. Irving Maurer.....	21
The College Pastor—President Clippinger.....	22
Personal Words—Rev. S. W. Keister.....	25
Closing Prayer—Prof. N. E. Cornetet.....	26
Picture of Church.....	27
II.—RESOLUTIONS, LETTERS AND TESTIMONIALS	
RESOLUTIONS	
The Ministerial Council of Columbus.....	31
Presbyterian Ministers Association of Columbus.....	31
Ministerial Union, Westerville.....	32
Faculty of Otterbein College.....	32
LETTERS	
Charles R. Brown, Dean of Yale Divinity School.....	33
Nolan R. Best, Editor "Continent".....	33
M. R. Marshall, Missoula.....	34
Former Students, Otterbein College.....	34
TESTIMONIALS	
Dean N. E. Cornetet.....	35
Rev. A. M. Courtenay.....	36
J. H. Larimore.....	37
Prof. George Scott.....	38
Photo Taken in 1914.....	40
III.—WORDS OF WISDOM FROM PASTOR BURTNER	
The Easter Hope.....	41
The Power of an Endless Life.....	42
Death a Journey.....	43
From Glory Unto Glory.....	44
Loving Words About Children.....	45
A Christlike Life.....	46
Truth Sets Us Free.....	47
Tribute to Rebecca Shauck Knox.....	48
The Minister's Spiritual Life.....	55



**It is my supreme desire to honor the dignity and glory
of the ministry by serving my generation until I fall asleep.
ELMER EDWIN BURTNER.**

And His servants shall serve Him.—Rev. 22:3.

O strong soul, by what shore
Tarriest thou now? For that force,
Surely, has not been left vain!
Somewhere, surely, afar,
In the sounding labour-house vast
Of being, is practiced that strength,
Zealous, beneficent, firm!

—Matthew Arnold ("Rugby Chapel.")

MOTHER

The following clipping from the Religious Telescope tells the beautiful story of the life of Mrs. Fannie Burtner, the mother of our pastor. It is a strong testimonial to her saintly life and service which account in a large way for the talents and Christian character shown in Elmer E. Burtner. This tribute was framed and hung near our pastor's desk:

BURTNER—Mrs. Fannie P. Burtner died at her home near Mt. Clinton, Va., March 10, 1898, aged 61 years and 20 days. At the age of eleven years she became a Christian and joined the Church of the United Brethren in Christ. Fifty years of faithful, efficient service was rendered the Master and the church of her choice. Forty-two years ago she gave her hand in marriage to Rev. Wm. H. Burtner, who preceded her to our Father's house some four years ago. She was the mother of three daughters and nine sons, three of whom are in the ministry. Rev. L. O. Burtner, the eldest of the three, is serving the Church as superintendent of our missionary work in Africa; Rev. N. W. Burtner is pastor of our church at Muscatine, Iowa, and Rev. O. W. Burtner is completing a course at Otterbein University. The remaining sons and daughters living are true, loyal members of the Church of their mother's choice. The family of devoted, consecrated children which she leaves is the best eulogy that can be pronounced upon her life and the richest legacy she could possibly leave to the Church. She was always deeply interested in and a liberal supporter of all the enterprises of the Church, whether local or general. Since 1855 the RELIGIOUS TELESCOPE has been a constant visitor at her home. Her father was a subscriber, and when she started a home of her own she made it a member of the family and retained it as such. No children were ever blessed with a better mother, and today they "arise and call her blessed." No preacher ever had a more attentive listener, and no pastor a more loyal, devoted, consecrated parishioner than she was. Many of the ministers of the Church, now scattered throughout its domain, will remember her ministries of love, her words of cheer, and her ardent prayers. About the family altar and in the sanctuary she has always stood at her post. She seemed, like one of old, to sit at the feet of the Master and learn of him. One seat in Mt. Clinton Chapel will be vacant, one familiar voice will be heard in song and prayer no more; but the choir above has been augmented and the worshipers about the great white throne have added to them another of God's noble women. She has gone from us, but her life is still here, and will remain until time shall be no more. Her remains were laid away in the cemetery at Dayton, beside her husband and three children who had gone before. The mound is in sight of the old homestead and the site of the old home church where she spent the girlhood of her Christian life. Beneath an almost cloudless sky and the bright sunshine, six of her sons lowered her body to its resting place, and we turned away to think of "the land of cloudless sky," "the house of many mansions," the "place prepared," and for the coming of the Master to receive us unto himself, that where He is, there we may be also—W. R. BERRY.

LOVING TRIBUTE OF THE COMMITTEE
OF THE
WAGONER MEMORIAL CLASS

Lonely is Westerville!

Lonely, Oh, how lonesome, the parsonage where the little family he loved so dearly mourn the great-hearted husband and father.

Lonely, too, the college campus and the community church he helped to plan and build, in which thus far he has been the only pastor and preacher. "How the room feels!"

And far beyond, in homes of former parishoners at Derby, Missoula and Spokane; in the residences of bishops and pastors of the denomination, there has come real sorrow. Likewise in countless cottages where loving young parents, college students during the past decade, have told their children about pastor Burtner who was such a true friend of Otterbein girls and boys. "Perhaps he will be there when you go to college," they have said. Across the seas to many missions the word has gone that this man, the strong champion of a planetary gospel, has gone home to the mansion prepared and to the plaudit, "Well done!" But it is not lonely where he is and where he has entered a preemption right for family, church, college and contemporary Christians of his country and world.

As the end of this remarkable life has come, it is natural to think not only of those who are now sorely bereft, but to recall the great souls who endowed him with a heritage of grace of more priceless value than jewels or gold; of his faithful father himself a good pulpit witness of salvation, a loyal father of such loving ministry to his children that Elmer has told how his father invited him to his bed before daybreak, took the boy in his arms and talked about the great truths of time and eternity, and how his father walked with him in the fields and pointed out the clear records of God upon the panorama of hill, valley and sky, and led out his son's thought from nature to nature's God. Of Elmer's great mother who, like the pious and devoted Anthusa, mother of Saint Chrysostom, under loving guidance brought up her willing-spirited son into an earnest, gentle and serious youth resolved upon a life of Christian service. Doctor Maurer tells how Elmer declared his mother had been his chief influence in guiding his steps into the gospel ministry. Then, too, this future pastor was the youngest of twelve children, ten of whom came to manhood and womanhood, three of whom were ministers and another the wife of a minister. All these brothers and sisters, especially the crippled, elder brother who, while Elmer wheeled him about, taught the little helper patience and heroism, all gave to Elmer vital inspiration to a righteous and useful life. Then as the crowning blessings, the inspiration of the minister's daughter, Maude Truxall, who became his devoted wife, and of their son and daughter, Edwin and Margaret, who happily shared with

the pastor the spirit of service and the tender and beautiful home life in the parsonage. The whole church knows how grateful their pastor was for such a blessed heredity and environment.

The long illness and sudden passing over, September 27th, 1923, of Elmer Edwin Burtner ought not to have been so much of a surprise. Though yet a young man, he had lived a long, rich life crowded into a few years. As a student, especially during his post graduate study, he had done heavy work. He was for many months both Yale seminarian and Derby pastor. To this double duty he added multiplied hours of reading and research. Was there not a treasure house of fascinating volumes near by? And was he not a hungry searcher for truth? And what an unresting, persistent workman was he! Here, as we knew him, he was ever zealously at the complex task.

An ignorant laborer said to his pastor: "What an easy job you have! You come to the church one day a week a couple of times and just talk a few minutes!" The ordinary pastor, if hearty service is done, is truly a burden-bearer. Besides the laborious forging of the two pulpit thunderbolts each week, there are the prayer meeting addresses, the occasional special themes, the evangelistic series of discourses, the baccalaureates and other patriotic and civic sermons, and the many calls for special addresses which often come to such a magnetic and eloquent speaker.

The more intimate personal services in such a church would alone be a full day's work for a loving pastor. The long roll for regular calls. No one but he can know how many persons each week, make individual drafts upon his time and strength, nor what a range of personal needs he does his best to supply. Parents want counsel and spiritual help for themselves and for their tempted children. Many seek confidential advice about business and domestic anxieties. He must judge between those who differ on all sorts of questions. How many long hours of the month has this minister gladly spent with students seeking advice about spiritual, avocational, financial and other vital perplexities. We should not forget, recently he has waded through the pastoral tribulations and strain of the war.

One of the heaviest burdens to so tender-hearted a pastor is ministry to the sick and the burial of the dead. The past few years these offices of love have been many. He deeply grieved with the afflicted. To a minister who has had many such services and who asked him if he could not subdue his feelings and save himself in a measure, he replied: "I could not pretend like that!" So he poured out his sympathy and vital strength. Read again his words, so pathetic, now that we know he was being crushed by his task, written in the church bulletin of February 4th which were read by Doctor Keister at the funeral services. Especially the words:

"These last weeks have been very hard on me. There have been many funerals. It is not alone that they take time and effort, but they draw upon my sympathy so much that they mean an expenditure of my vitality greater than my ordinary work."

Then besides the multiplied duties and cares of a large and unusually difficult parish for both preaching and pastoral obligations, he had college and conference duties which in a real sense gave him, like Paul, "the care of all the churches."

In Elmer Edwin Burtner then we realize now we had as our noble and unselfish leader a hero and a martyr. We are now not surprised at his early demise. We know he lived a deeply conscientious and utterly self-forgetting life like the valorous and impetuous soldier who risks all in sacrifice for his country. His great talents, native and toilfully cultivated, were laid upon the altar of devoted, unstinted, abundant service. He lived strongly for God and laid down his life for his friends. And when his physical strength waned at length, fatal disease struck his loving, tender heart.

We know too that our pastor has not died, because love is immortal. Verily he lives and will forever live among what he described as "the unrevealed, waiting truths of a happy, joyful eternity." Verily he lives and will live here among us. He yet lives in the hearts of his homelings, in the memory of grateful parishoners, in the monuments of consecrated human lives he helped to victory.

"He that soweth righteousness shall reap a sure reward."

Here in an inn a stranger dwelt,
Here joy and grief by turns he felt;
Poor dwelling, now we close the door,
The task is o'er,
The sojourner returns no more."

For by faith Abraham became a sojourner in the land of promise,—dwelling in tents;—for he looked for the city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.—Hebrews 11:9 and 10.

I.—The Funeral Services

I go to prepare a place for you,—John 14:2.

“When I am to die, ‘Receive me’ I’ll cry,
My Lord loves me, I cannot tell why,
But this I find, we two are so joined
He will not be in glory and leave me behind.

THE FUNERAL SERVICES

*Were Conducted at the First United Brethren Church
Westerville on Sunday Afternoon, September 30, 1923*

The remains of the pastor were placed in the front of the church from Sunday noon until two o'clock in charge of attendants. When the funeral service began at half-past two, the church, chapel and Sunday school rooms were filled. A large number of people from the other churches of Westerville united with the members of the United Brethren congregation in paying their grateful offices of love by their presence and deep sympathy during the hour of the services.

The organ prelude, "Abide With Me," was given by Professor G. G. Grabill.

Then followed the anthem, "Unfold the Portals," by the church choir under the leadership of their director, Professor A. R. Spessard, Professor Grabill playing the accompaniment.

The Scripture was read by former pastor Rev. S. F. Daugherty.

The Prayer was offered by Rev. Howard Hyde Russell, as follows:

Lord Thou has been our dwelling place in all generations; from everlasting to everlasting Thou art God.

We rejoice that Thou hast revealed Thyself not only a God of power but a God of love, not more a creator than a friend; not more truly a God from Whose hand comes our food and raiment and all the joys of life's sunshine than a God of tenderness, of pity and of comfort when the clouds darken over us, and the storms overwhelm us. Thou hast said, "As a father pitieth his children so the Lord pitieth them that love Him;" Thou hast said, "As one whom his mother comforteth so will I comfort you;" and Thou, Oh Triune God, hast revealed Thyself most vividly to human vision and human need in Jesus Christ who because He loved and sympathized made the lame to leap as an hart and the tongue of the dumb to sing; because He was gentle and merciful, He caused the deaf to hear and the blind to see; He stilled the frightful storm and sent the Holy Spirit to be our tender comforter forever.

Oh, our Father and our Mother God, today we bring once more the deepest sorrow, the most terrible tragedy of life, to Him who understands, Who knows all about it, Who has said and often proved, "My grace shall be sufficient for thee." Thou seest us here, Father, a sorrowing Church and College, bereft of their pastor; a stricken village and brotherhood of churches which have lost one of their chief spiritual leaders and citizens; a little family trembling beneath the heaviest grief that comes to life's dear relationships, the grief of the widow and the orphan. Loving Father, help Thou us all, even those most bereft, through the radiant faith in the risen Christ which this beloved pastor and father lived and taught,—help Thou us all gratefully to say, "I know Him in Whom I have believed," and with the inspired and sustained psalmist to exclaim; "I am not ashamed of my Hope."

Oh Lord, our God, as a mourning Church and community we have come to—

MEMORIAL OF A MAN OF GOD

gether in this temple which our loved pastor helped so zealously to plan and build that it will stand forever as a memorial; into this place which in days of war and peace and in times of spiritual refreshing has been the gathering center of town and college; into this tabernacle where Thou hast kept this precious promise to be present and to bless,—we come today to thank Thee for the life and services of this princely spirit of talent and of power whom Thou hast sent to tell out the wonderful story of redemption. Dear Lord, how often through his prayers has this place been to us a hill-top for communion; how often from this height have we seen things that have shone in upon our poor lives making them rich and beautiful; how often has this place been an altar; here have we met the Spirit of the Living God and the altar fires have burned to heaven; we thank Thee for the moving messages Thou hast sent us through this man of purity, of probity and godliness of life; often has he made this for us a place of remembrance; often has it been a Red Sea of Deliverance or a crossing of the Jordan; often a place of the Transfiguration of the Lord Jesus; often has it brought again to view the hill of Calvary where vividly we saw the dying sacrifice and were thankful while by thy bread and cup upon which he had asked a blessing we again expressed our gratitude; often too has it been an Olivet and we have seen the humanity of Jesus and of ourselves lifted up into the glorious heavens; and now have we come to thank Thee for this ministry of power and to find together the consolation of the very Gospel he lived and taught.

Here today we thank Thee together; those whom he baptized and married; so many who have by his tender words been comforted in times of pain and suffering and when the temporary power of death brought burdens too heavy to bear. Here are many children and others who when children he showed so skillfully the way of truth and of abundant life for the life that now is and that which is to come; students who found him a fellow student ready to bestow wise and timely counsel and leaders of the college who found in him a capable adviser and one willing to pour out his vital strength to extend the influence and enlarge the resources of his alma mater. Here before Thee are his neighbors, fellow pastors and citizens who in the federated work for Christ in this village felt the warmth of his brotherly heart and his comradeship in service. Dear Father, we all thank Thee for this devoted life.

We pray for Thy loving blessing upon the relatives who have come, some of them, from far places to seek consolation as their brother has gone on to his reward. We pray Thee to help with thy mighty and blessed comfort these deeply bereaved ones whose sorrow is most sacred; who are in the first intimations of grief and who realize They are without brother and father and husband. By the balm of Thy love may they be able to exclaim with Paul, "Blessed be God who comforteth us, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble." So may the members of this family by Thy grace and help render such ministries of loving service as shall continue and extend the influence of their loved one who has first heard Thy precious words, "Well done good and faithful servant." Bless all who speak words of testimony this hour and may Thy Spirit move us all to pour out our lives abundantly for others as Thou didst help our brother and pastor to do in his zealous life of love, sacrifice and service. We ask it all in the Saviour's name. Amen.

The Obituary Address was delivered by Rev. J. H. Harris:

Out of life's scenes into that "house not made with hands" has departed one who was very dear to us all, one whose life was so rich in all that is good and lovable and true that words fail us in giving expression to the worthiness of his character.

THE FUNERAL SERVICES

Words are weak and are soon forgotten, like a dream of the night they pass away, but there is a sacred remembrance of the departed which we never cease to cherish though a thousand years pass away.

We cannot believe that we lapse into nothingness. Nay, we are impelled to say with Lowell in his heart-wrung lament over his lovely wife, "Immortal? I know it. Who doubts it of such as she? But that's the pang's very secret. Immortal away from me." What loving and tender remembrance shall be ours as we think of a life unselfish, pure, devoted to God and humanity.

It is true that the mystic tie, the tie that binds body and spirit together, has been severed and we stand in the presence of that which we call death, but faith catches the vision and exclaims,

"There is no death, the stars go down
To shine upon some fairer shore,
And bright in Heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forever more."

Recognizing this fact, we pay our last earthly tribute of love and respect to husband, father, brother, pastor, fellow-Christian, neighbor and friend.

Elmer Edwin Burtner, son of Rev. William H. and Fannie Paul Burtner, was born at Mount Clinton, Rockingham County, Virginia, October 31, 1881. His grandfather, Rev. Henry Burtner was one of the pioneer preachers of the United Brethren church, and on page 566 of Berger's History of the United Brethren Church, his name appears as a member of the first session of what is now known as the Virginia Conference. Thus nourished in a Godly home with grandfather, father and four brothers as ministers, Elmer, early in life, heard the Master's call, identified himself with the Church, and began his preparation for life's work. He attended the common schools at his home, Shenandoah Institute at Dayton, Virginia, and was graduated from Otterbein College in 1906 with the degree of A.B. He continued his studies in Yale Divinity School, receiving the degree of Bachelor of Divinity in 1909, and of Master of Arts in 1910, *cum laude*, and from Otterbein the degree of Doctor of Divinity in 1918.

On August 17, 1910, in companionship with Miss Maude Truxall, graduate from Otterbein, a new home was established. This home was dedicated to God and Christ became the head. Two children, Edwin and Margaret, brightened the home.

During his school days, both in Otterbein and in Yale, he helped meet his expenses by preaching and upon his graduation from Yale he took the pastorate of the First Congregational Church at Missoula, Montana. His next pastorate was at Spokane, Washington. It was during this pastorate that the call came to serve the Westerville church. Of this pastorate, another will speak.

We are accustomed when life's activities are closed, to review the life that we may lay hold on those principles and sentiments which will enable us to live better. In such review, we recognize ourselves as of the earth earthly, yet being immortal we are swept by two worlds, that of sense and time, also that of Spirit. With the power of choice in the presence of these two realms, we determine destiny.

Elmer E. Burtner made choices and those choices affected other lives. For nine years now it has been my privilege to be closely associated with Doctor Burtner. Of the many splendid traits, the following stand out clearly:

1. Singleness of Aim. His mission was that of preaching. He sacrificed all else that he might be a real minister of the Gospel. In connection with his name and

MEMORIAL OF A MAN OF GOD

picture in the College Sibyl of 1922 is this significant epitome of Doctor Burtner's aim in life, "It is my supreme desire to honor the dignity and glory of the ministry by serving my generation until I fall asleep." This singleness of aim "this one thing I do" made him one among the greatest preachers of America.

2. Broad Sympathies. He loved people. He loved *all* people. The world was his parish. Often when in councils of church I have seen the expression of agony upon his face because he felt that the church was failing to meet the world's needs. Some of us never can forget how in the hours of affliction and death, he shed the tear of sympathy with us.

3. He was a Churchman. He believed that the Gospel as proclaimed by the Church can meet the needs of the world. However, he was free from sectarianism.

4. He was an optimist. He saw grave problems as clearly as anyone yet by faith he saw the hand invisible that guides in the affairs of men.

5. He was a safe and wise counselor in the affairs of the Conference and the church in general. As the secretary of the Council of Administration and member of the Board of Trustees, his power was manifest. The ministers and laymen of the conference respected and loved him. They were always ready to hear Burtner. He caused them to aspire to better things and gave a lofty conception of the ministry. A number of our men are now in school, seeking better training, because of the lofty ideals of the ministry which Doctor Burtner set before them.

6. He was gentle in Spirit. It was because of his spirit of fairness that from his pulpit and over this conference he could deliver sharp rebukes that somehow made people feel that we ought to be better and to do better.

7. His humility. Did ever anyone hear him boast of his attainments? He regarded himself as being in the primary class in the great field of knowledge. None are perfect, and Doctor Burtner would be among the last to make such claim for himself. He often spoke of his limitations but we know that his heart and life leaned hard toward God.

There was no intimation of his home-going until July 4th, when he became ill but rallied sufficiently to begin his work as instructor in the Summer Bible Conference, although so weak he could not remain standing throughout the hour. He was forced to abandon his lectures after delivering four. These were messages of rare power, and the remark was made by one at the time that he had never heard a Theological professor give such messages.

We believed yet that he would soon rally. All that medical skill could render seemed no avail. The thread of life became brittle, more brittle, until at two o'clock on Thursday morning, September 27, 1923, the thread snapped short off and O mystery of mysteries, he was ushered into the presence of his King at the age of forty-one years, ten months and twenty-six days.

Death is sad. He snatches the babe from the mother's breast, claims the youth and is certain of the aged, but what shall we say now when he comes to one who, with full armor on, is girded and so well equipped for the battle of life? One has said, "Could we but lift the veil that enshrouds eternal truth, we doubtless would discern that behind nature's cruellest works are secret springs of divinest tenderness and love to walk and bless the earth."

We stand today by his side and look upon his mortal form, the house where human personality lived, but as the dissolution of the eve does not destroy the light

THE FUNERAL SERVICES

and the dissolution of the ear does not destroy the atmosphere, so the dissolution of the body does not destroy the soul.

Doctor Burtner lived strenuously. A visit to his library would reveal the reason why this congregation never heard a stale sermon from his lips. He was a faithful student in the school of life and has received his diploma to enter upon the arena of the eternal ages where, with the spirits of just men made perfect, he may bask in the sunlight of eternity.

Of course we shall miss him. But think of his crowning and reward! Let sweet not bitter tears be shed, for "what is lovely never dies, but passes into other liveliness, star dust or sea foam or winged air. If this befall our poor humanity, think what destiny waits the soul. What glorious vesture it shall wear at last."

He leaves to cherish his memory and in whose hearts he shall ever be enshrined his devoted wife, the two children Edwin and Margaret, five brothers, Rev. N. W. Burtner of Harrisburg, Ohio, Rev. O. W. Burtner, of Ansonia, Connecticut, William H. Burtner of Harrisonburg, Virginia, Homer P. Burtner of Mt. Solon, Virginia, Oren L. Burtner of Hinton, Virginia; two sisters, Mrs. W. L. Childress of Cumberland, Maryland, Mrs. Nora B. Strickler of Hinton, Virginia, one sister-in-law, Mrs. Rev. L. O. Burtner of New York City, besides other relatives and a host of friends.

All are in quest of rest, and we are prone to ask,

"Does the road wind up hill all the way?

Yes, to the very end.

Will the day's journey take the whole long day?

From morn till night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting roof,

When the slow dark hours begin?

And may not darkness hide it from my face?

You cannot miss that Inn."

The following lines from Mrs. Hemans were read not long since by Doctor Burtner in a funeral service in one of our homes:

"Calm on the bosom of God,

Fair spirit, rest thee now!

E'en while with ours thy footsteps trod

His seal was on thy brow.

"Dust to its narrow house beneath!

Soul to its place on high!

They that have seen thy look in death

No more may fear to die."

Let us repeat again these noble sentiments as quoted from the Sibyl: "It is my supreme desire to honor the dignity and glory of the ministry by serving my generation until I fall asleep."

May the mantle of his noble life be a constant inspiration to the bereft wife and children—yea to us all.

Reminiscences, by Rev. Irving Maurer

Elmer Burtner was my classmate during my seminary life at Yale University from the years 1906 to 1909. Few of our class were more constantly together than he

MEMORIAL OF A MAN OF GOD

and I. We played together. Over the carom table, walking up Whitney avenue, or in the bowling alley we looked at life together, comparing notes in politics, theology, philosophy and on the social movements of those days. I was present at his ordination in Derby, Connecticut, and talked over with him at several times in his life, his important decisions. There is a fellowship which is built up out of a sympathy and understanding in points of view—ours was of this quality. Since my pastorate began in Columbus, this fellowship has deepened and matured.

In this fellowship I learned his lovable human qualities. He was gifted with the capacity of making and of keeping friends. He had a keen sense of humor and this mellowed his judgments of men. He had simple tastes and interests. Home bulked large for him. In his ordination paper he dwelt at length upon his obligation to the nurture of his home life; he felt that to his mother he owed his purpose and decisions for life work. We learned to regard him, to love him for the kind of man he was.

From the years together I became acquainted with this man's mind and heart. He had a genuine passion for religion. Religion for him could not be bound up into set forms of doctrine, of ritual, or of polity. It was the spirit of Jesus in the hearts of men, and its important quality was service. On the occasion of my last talk with him on July 4, he was reading his New York Times and he groaned with the agony of a soul torn and wounded by the madness which characterized the governmental policies of the nations. He was in the best sense a modern man, who believed that there were but twelve hours in his day and that the momentous occasion for him was now. So his religion sent him into frank inquiries regarding life—and life was valued for him in terms of Jesus.

He was a great student. Quiet, meditative for all his tireless activity, he formed opinions slowly, approached them adequately, and drew unerring and unshunned conclusions. He was one of those men in the American ministry, who are all too few, who believed in importance of intellectual effort. He was never compelled to make up in sentiment or emotionalism a lack in hard thinking. Never did I meet him without having a new book or two to read.

Mr. Burtner was a great preacher. If greatness consists in making no un-genuine appeals, if it means never preaching smooth things because people want it, if it means preaching fearlessly and saying what ought to be said, he had these qualities. And his thought was maturely expressed with a quiet glow of conviction, so that what he brought to his people was spiritual food. He had a grace of saying hard true things in love, so that the hearts of people were touched by what he said.

He must have made a great pastor for he had the power of sympathy, of bearing others' burdens. To have known him meant for me to learn to appreciate a noble soul, of genuine character, whose service was his best confession of faith. Our class will miss him at its reunions, but his name will never be absent, and his memory will be cherished by his classmates and colleagues in the ministry of the church as one who did honor to his calling, and who lived a useful, manly life to the end. Peace be to his ashes, love and abiding affection, continue with his memory.

Then followed the second anthem by the church choir, "Blessed Jesu," by Dvorak.

Then followed the address, "The College Pastor," by President W. G. Clippinger.

There is no relation, from a legal point of view, between Otterbein College and the First United Brethren church of Westerville. They are distinct and separate

THE FUNERAL SERVICES

corporations, but there is a social and spiritual unity of the two which has made it possible for a single pastorate to exist between them. Ever since I have known Otterbein, the pastor of the United Brethren church was also the pastor of the college. Between the two institutions there has been an abiding fellowship and their efficiency of service has been greatly strengthened. I am sure that in the nine years of the pastorate of Doctor Burtner this has been increasingly true.

In the consideration of the many fine qualities of his life and character, there is one thing that would not suggest itself ordinarily, but which I mention as the strongest factor of his success as a preacher and pastor, and which has helped to make him the outstanding man he was to the college itself—that is the rich religious heritage which he possessed as coming down from Godly parents, a pious home and a splendid church community. It was reflected in the remarks he made in private and public. I think I respect him as much for his reference to his Godly home and parents as for anything I ever heard him say. As I have sought the secret of his marvelous success as a pastor, I think I have answered it by saying that down there in an humble home there was a quality in his own parents and his brothers and sisters which enabled him to become the worth-while man that he was. The first and final and determining quality of his success in the religious life and the Godly parents and rich inheritance of the good lives they lived.

I want to refer to his schooling. It is formal and mechanical to speak of a man's schooling at an obituary. He had the determination and persistency to continue his schooling over a long period of years, a thing which we are trying to instill in the students of our college today. I know not where he got his money, for I have heard him say he never had much, but he was willing to do things on the side. That in itself helped to make him the type of man he was, an excellently rounded out, well-finished scholar.

He was a man of scholarship. There is a difference between a man who is well schooled and a man who is well educated. He was so fortunate as to have gotten out of the school both the academic material and a well-rounded culture which made him a typical scholar. I said some of these things while he lived, and now I can say this with confidence, that there were few men of my own acquaintance who have so well developed within their own mind such balance and such a splendid sanity for the approach to all kinds of human interests as he. He knew how to get his own bearing, he knew how to make comparisons, to determine and express human relationships.

He knew men and he knew books, and because he knew books and because he read and studied books he was better able to interpret men. It was almost uncanny when one would hear the description of human nature which he would give of individuals and groups of people of whom he would speak, for he did it without a seeming effort but as a spontaneous expression which had come to him from his deep study of human nature.

He was a theologian. He studied theology and he knew his Bible. He could quote Scripture with unusual readiness of mind and richness of expression. I think I know few persons who could quote so liberally from the Bible.

He was a philosopher. Nobody knows all of philosophy, but he knew enough of the beginning and course of affairs and the ultimate outcome to be able to rationally correlate and interpret life in all its relations.

He was a historian. His constant reading and study of national and international affairs brought him into close connection with the world at large. He worried a great

MEMORIAL OF A MAN OF GOD

deal over world affairs and would frequently give expression to his feelings, now with a note of optimism and now with something of fear and almost pessimism of worldly conditions and the awfulness of the situation.

He knew literature. Anyone who heard him preach knew well he was at home in this field. He knew ancient languages sufficiently well to make careful interpretations in the original. The reason he selected the majestic hymns was because he had a thorough appreciation of and knew at least the spirit of music. He was well acquainted with the great realm of scientific learning and while he was not altogether trained in that line, his thinking was not foreign to the world of science.

My acquaintance with him developed first through correspondence. I knew him before he graduated from college. I had a personal interview and later sought to secure him for a teaching position in the college. I did not need to listen to more than one or two sermons to know that he would make a better preacher than he would have made a teacher, although he could have become a good teacher. That is the one thing which stood out, not merely because he had native ability as a speaker, but because of acquired ability which came from study, from experience and from the confidence that preaching was his business. So I have always admired him for sticking to his own particular task.

How carefully he prepared his sermons, and then with what ease and with what skill he always delivered them! I have said over and over again, what a wonderful opportunity for students, particularly ministerial students, to sit and listen to him from Sabbath to Sabbath and from year to year. He was master of his art, a model as a preacher.

I want to speak of him as a pastor. The college needs a good preacher, but it always needs a pastor, a shepherd of the flock. The college needs a particular kind of pastor. He had a kind of school point of view, coupled with human sympathies, that enabled him to come into our midst, and there he ministered well. He was not as rough and ready and free and easy as some men are who would go rollicking about as a student on the campus, but he maintained a fine dignity so that one could tell he was not a college student, not simply a boy among the boys. It often leaked out that students who had personal problems would find him in his study and there would pour out their hearts to him concerning their doubts and fears and life's perplexities.

Finally, my own personal feeling about him. Of all people who come to one's home, none means so much as the minister who receives you into church fellowship, who baptizes your children, who performs marriage ceremonies and who lays away your loved ones. While in our family we have gone through but one of these experiences so far as he was concerned, but in hours of physical suffering he was near. When one member of our family was taken away to the hospital so suddenly that we ourselves scarcely realized it, we were surprised to find Doctor Burtner was at the hospital before us. Only a few months ago, when I myself was taken away and when he again followed us there, before going to the operating room, offered a tender prayer, and then marching right beside me to the operating room he twitted me wondering whether that vehicle on rubber tires was as comfortable as my own car. He remained with me when I went into the Valley of Death and when I awoke I found him beside me. He frequently came to cheer me and brought me a humorous book which he knew would do me good. But the most tender and most beautiful touch was when he came a little later and read to me, as no one else could read, out of the very hymn book from which we sing today, some of those splendid majestic

THE FUNERAL SERVICES

hymns, stanza after stanza, knowing we had a common interest in the spirit of the hymns.

Thus I have given my own testimony to his worth as a college pastor and preacher. His own theological view of his passing out, the meaning of death to him, and how he would want the people here to know what it all means, is given in these words:

"My own dim life should teach me this
That life shall live for evermore,
Else earth is darkness at the core
And dust and ashes all that is."

From "In Memoriam" Tennyson.

"Twilight and evening bell
And after that the dark,
And may there be no sadness or farewell
When I embark.

"For though from out this bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar."

From "Crossing the Bar", Tennyson.

"Personal Words" were then spoken by the acting pastor, Rev. S. W. Keister.

I surely could add nothing to the great words that have been spoken by others, many of whom have been, more closely associated with Doctor Burtner than myself, but some of us stand with the mysteries surrounding us and wonder why a man, right in the meridian of life, should be cut down as he has been.

I hold in my hand our little church bulletin of February 4 of this present year and I want to read just a few lines. These lines gives the very substance of Doctor Burtner's life and why his life burned out so young:

"Not even in the days when the influenza epidemic prevailed were there as many sick as there are now. That was more severe than the present form of epidemic, but not nearly so general. I have had over a hundred people in bed in the past three weeks. Every time I turn around I hear of some one else who is or has been sick. I do not pretend to try to see all who are sick. I do try to go to those who are older, or those who are very sick. I wish I could come to all.

"These last weeks have been very hard on me. There have been many funerals. It is not alone that they take time and effort, but they draw upon my sympathy so much that they mean an expenditure of my vitality greater than my ordinary work. So also is that true when so many are sick. Some of them I cannot keep out of mind. "Mother" Taylor, Mrs. J. F. Davidson, Brothers Cooper and Markley have all been very sick. All are better so far as I know now. Many others, including "Mother" Park, have

MEMORIAL OF A MAN OF GOD

been quite ill. I cannot attempt to name any considerable number for I should be sure to leave out more than half of them. I cannot forget what Mr. J. A. Lightner and Mr. J. A. Williams are suffering. Brother George Metzger has not been well for a year, but for the last few weeks he has seemed to have less strength than he had. However, we can not help feeling that he will take a decided turn for the better. May God bless all who have been and still are seriously sick! When we are face to face with such experiences we need to be sure of God; we need His presence and comfort. And what an immense comfort He is! It is a blessed privilege to go among those whose trust is in Him, and see how calm they are, and how resigned to their lot! A preacher ought not to waver in faith; he sees so much of it in his people.—Pastor.”

It is no wonder that so large a congregation and such a student body should very soon burn out the life of such a pastor with so great a sympathetic soul.

I never knew Doctor Burtner until he became pastor of this church and have been permitted to sit under his ministry during these years, but I knew very well Mrs. Burtner, her father, her mother, and the two boys, Edward and Albert. In 1901 my conference called me to the superintendency. I had forty-four pastors under my charge. My work threw me into this Christian home of Rev. Isaiah Truxall about once in three months. I always had a welcome in that home. He is here today, afflicted, not able to do the ordinary tasks which he loved so much to do. Brother Truxall had magnificent help in Edward and in Maude, who is now Mrs. Burtner. If he wanted somebody to play the organ, Maude could do it; if he wanted someone to sing, Maude could do it; if he wanted someone to help in the Young People's work or the Sunday School, she was so willing and capable. So today I feel more like sitting by her side, in trying to mingle my tears and sympathy with hers, than standing here and trying to give words that are a mockery.

I want to commend this family in whose home I have had such rich experiences and such kindly treatment. I want to commend Mrs. Burtner, Maude Truxall as I knew her then, and Brother Isaiah and Mrs. Truxall, and Albert and Edward, to the kindly remembrances of the Father who never forgets and under whose care and the ministry of his blessed Holy Spirit they may realize from day to day and from week to week the upholding hand of His Providence. You need to look away to Him as He looks at you today. As he visited the stricken home of Bethlehem so again will he come into your home and will speak words of comfort and cheer to you. I want to commend you to the Father's love and mercy and care.

Hymn No. 314 was then sung, “My Faith Looks Up To Thee.”

The closing prayer was offered by Professor N. E. Cornet.

Our Father, we thank Thee for the sacred hour of contemplation,—contemplation of a great and illustrious life, but great and illustrious only because it was hidden in Thee and because this life knew the glory of the ministry. Now as we leave this church this afternoon, from the pulpit of which Brother Burtner so often preached Thy blessings, may we hear again the voice of Thy Son say “Let not your heart be troubled; believe in God, In My Father's house are many mansions; if it were not

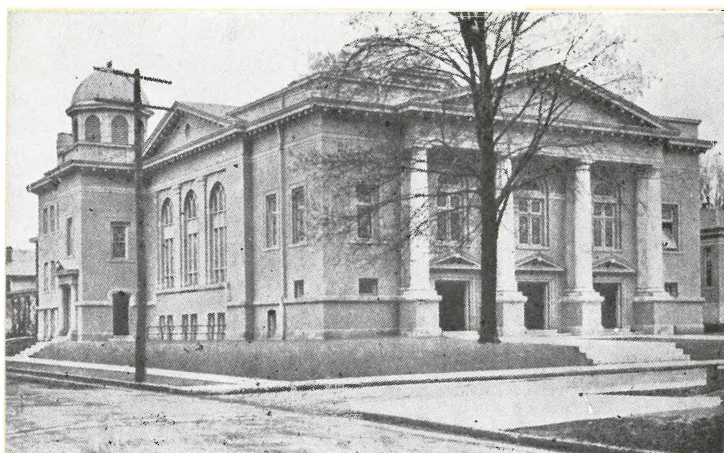
THE FUNERAL SERVICES

so I would have told you; I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I shall come again, and will receive you unto myself that where I am, there ye may be also." To a Father of such tenderness and love and forethought, Oh God, our Father, we commend Mrs. Burtner, Edwin, Margaret, these brothers, these sisters, this great congregation, this host of friends that in the spirit of that message and the spirit of that life we may live and die and triumph in his name. Amen.

The attendants in charge of the remains before the service were the following: Willard Morris, Albert Mattoon, H. R. Murphy, E. W. Reese, J. H. McCloy, H. W. Troop.

The pall bearers were: Mr. J. P. West, Prof. T. J. Sanders, Rev. J. H. Mayne, Rev. W. J. Holmes, Rev. G. H. Heiser, Rev. S. S. Davis.

The interment was made at Otterbein Cemetery, Westerville.



First Church of the United Brethren in Christ, Westerville, Ohio, built during Dr. Burtner's pastorate. Here the funeral services were held.

Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil.

Psalm 23:4.

"I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar,
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore."

II.—Resolutions, Letters, Testimonials

"There is no prison for the soul
That dwells within God's boundless peace,
And sickness builds no dungeon walls
For one who knoweth sin's surcease;
He soars on tireless pinions high
And leaves beneath the open sky.

My peace I give unto you."—John 14:27.

Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.—John 8:32.

RESOLUTIONS, LETTERS, TESTIMONIALS

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE

From the Columbus Council of Churches.

Central Y. M. C. A. Building,
Columbus, Ohio,
October 1, 1923.

The Ministerial Council of Columbus on behalf of the Council of Churches wishes to record its sense of loss and its sorrow in the death of the Rev. Elmer Edwin Burtner, for nine years pastor of The First Church of the United Brethren in Christ at Westerville, Ohio. From its fellowship this body loses a companionable soul, with lovable human qualities of friendliness, humor and goodwill. The Christian church loses a great and a genuine preacher, gifted with spiritual insight, keen in his endeavor to interpret God and humanity in terms of Jesus, and confident in humanity's power to create the Kingdom of God. To his widow and children, to his kindred, and to the church and community in the service of which he labored to the end, we offer our sympathy and love, with the conviction that the strength on which this man leaned is theirs at a time like this, and that it is sufficient for all things.

May God comfort them in their affliction, through the comfort wherewith we are all comforted of God.

(Signed) S. F. Daugherty,
Irving Maurer, Committee.

From the Presbyterian ministers of Columbus, Ohio.

The Presbyterian Ministers' Association of Columbus, Ohio, wishes to express its profound sorrow at the death of Rev. Dr. E. E. Burtner, Pastor of the First Church of the United Brethren in Christ of Westerville, Ohio. Dr. Burtner has been at times a member of our Association, has prepared papers for our regular programs, and has frequently taken part in our discussions. We always enjoyed and highly appreciated his genial and warm fellowship, and not less the interest and ability manifested by him in our deliberations. He was always welcome in our gatherings for any and all purposes.

We most graciously extend to his beloved wife and children, his brothers and sisters, our sincere sympathy in the great loss that has come to them in his death; and we earnestly pray that they will find that God's grace is sufficient for even such a time as this; and we also pray that they may find much comfort in the thought that Dr. Burtner wrought well in the Master's work, rendering an unselfish service in his ministry so consecrated to the highest ideals of usefulness and achievement for the kingdom of God.

The church of which he was the pastor has lost an untiring worker, a faithful pastor and a great preacher; and we pray that his life and service among them for so many years will long remain an inspiration for still greater accomplishments in their ever-widening field of opportunity to hasten the reign of Jesus the Christ in the hearts of all men everywhere.

By the Committee,
W. J. Zuck, Chairman,
Thos. H. Kohr,
W. J. Holmes,
D. H. Cramer

Columbus, Ohio,
September 28, 1923

MEMORIAL OF A MAN OF GOD

From the Ministers of Westerville, Ohio.

Westerville, Ohio,
September 28, 1923.

Mrs. E. E. Burtner,
Westerville, O.,

My dear Mrs. Burtner:—

At a meeting of the ministers of the community at the Presbyterian Church it was felt that an expression of our heartfelt sympathy should be extended to you and your family in your time of sorrow.

With your husband's many friends we had hoped for his recovery. Our prayers by day and night were for his restoration to health and strength if that were in accord with the Heavenly Father's will. Our prayers were also for you and your children that you might each one be sustained and strengthened in your days and nights of anxiety.

We desire to express our appreciation of our brother's splendid Christian character, his unfailing courtesy, his helpfulness, and his unvarying genial, kindly ways. We record his leadership with joy, his readiness to cooperate with the other churches for the salvation of souls, and in earnest endeavor to make our community one where the honor of God dwells deep in the hearts of men.

We deplore the loss you have sustained while realizing the great gain that has come to him in the heavenly land. Commending you to Him who alone doth comfort in every affliction, may the Heavenly Father's blessing be upon you and yours, and may the Christ whom your husband preached, comfort and guide you in all your affliction.

"Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." "And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

Most Sincerely,

W. J. Holmes, President of Ministerial Union.

G. H. Heizer, Pastor M. E. Church.

S. S. Davis, Pastor Evangelical Church.

From the Faculty of Otterbein College.

The Faculty of Otterbein College wish to express their appreciation of Rev. Elmer E. Burtner, College Pastor for the past nine years. He was a good man, and the Grace of God was upon him.

He was the youngest of twelve children; born of devout parents, reared and nurtured in a Christian home; taught the Word and to pray at his mother's knee, and to worship at the old country church. And thus, like Samuel of old, he grew, "and the Lord was with him" and, when called of Him, he answered: "Speak Lord for Thy servant heareth." Thus, pure as a lily, and in this atmosphere, he waxed strong, unfolding God-ward, Heaven-ward, growing in favor with God and man. His preparation for his work was most thorough, deep and broad, and so he was easily the greatest preacher the College and church have ever had.

There were two great outstanding characteristics of this man, rarely found in the same person—GREAT INTELLECTUAL POWER—that ranges through the fields of science,

RESOLUTIONS, LETTERS, TESTIMONIALS

history, literature, philosophy, theology over foothills and up the mountain peaks of thought—and a GREAT HEART, a heart to take in all the world and bear its load. It is intellectuality on the one hand, and deep spirituality on the other. He was a scholar and a thinker, and at the same time, devout, pietistic, mystic—a Godly man, a man of prayer.

He was a great preacher—would have graced any pulpit in the world, but his soul was as simple and unaffected as a child. He often said he owed so much to Jesus Christ, and so he did, for through the years so steadfastly beholding his face, he was changed into the same image, from glory to glory.

Now that he is gone from us, may we hold up in our lives and our teaching his Christ, to the end that this Christian College shall increasingly help to extend and establish His Kingdom in all the earth.

For the Faculty:

T. J. Sanders,
E. A. Jones.

LETTERS OF SYMPATHY

From Charles R. Brown, Dean of the Divinity School of Yale University.

New Haven, Conn.,
October 1, 1923

Mrs. Elmer E. Burtner,
Westerville, Ohio.

My dear Mrs. Burtner:

I am deeply pained and grieved to learn of the death of your dear husband. I had known through Mr. Howe of his serious illness and we had been praying here at the school for his recovery. It is a very great loss to you and to us all and I hasten to express to you my sincere sympathy.

He was one of our outstanding and honored graduates. His thorough scholarship, his deep and real religious life, and his warm sympathetic interest in others all combined to make him an ideal man for that college community. He has put the impress of his message and of his life upon generation after generation of young men and young women as they have come and gone. It will be a very difficult task to find a suitable successor in that unusual service.

His generous kindness to me on both occasions when I have visited Otterbein and his steady loyalty to the school I have deeply appreciated. His death is a loss to Otterbein and to your whole church and to the larger interests of the Kingdom. But the greatest loss is the one which has come to your own life. You have been honored and blessed in the affection and companionship of this man. Now in the days of your grief may the God of all comfort be very near to you.

Very sincerely yours,
Chas. R. Brown

From Nolan R. Best, Editor of The Continent.

New York City,
October 3, 1923

My dear Mrs. Burtner:—

The shock of your husband's death has been staggering to me. Unfortunately I

MEMORIAL OF A MAN OF GOD

had not heard of his illness, and so the sympathy which should have gone out to you and to him in this long affliction failed you entirely. But now that he is gone, I want to tell you that my share in your grief is as profound as the deepest depths of my heart can allow. It seems such an amazingly mysterious providence. Your husband had been growing so splendidly, in the last few years particularly. Every time I met him I realized that he was a stronger man than I had appreciated before. I am sure that no other pastor who was ever in the town made as great an impression as he has made on the life of Westerville. He was so exceedingly wise in the instruction and leadership of his people. He didn't run away from them nor drag them forcibly after him, but he did, week by week, lead them into broader apprehensions of the truth and a larger service to the kingdom. I grieve deeply for him, and knowing how much deeper is your own grief, I tender you these condolences with prayer that the Lord will sustain you with abundant grace and kindness.

Faithfully yours,

Nolan R. Best.

Mrs. E. E. Burtner,
Westerville, Ohio.

From M. R. Marshall, of the First Congregational Church, Missoula, Montana.

Missoula, Mont.,

October 22, 1923

My dear Mrs. Burtner:

The news which so recently reached us, of your sad loss, was unexpected and arouses our liveliest sympathy. It seems but yesterday that Mr. Burtner was with us full of hope and love. Of all the ministers I have known he had the most kindly nature, an unaffected good fellowship and broad companionship.

At a Board meeting of our United church the members said most loving words of appreciation of his work here and his direct and powerful appeal to humanity. Rev. Mr. Maclean told how much he had esteemed him and S. A. Price spoke of his own great affection for Mr. Burtner.

It may a little relieve your sorrow to know that here in Missoula your husband was well beloved and is deeply mourned.

Very sincerely yours,

M. R. Marshall.

From Former Otterbein Students.

From many former students, members of the college faculty and others, have come letters expressing deep regret and sorrow. One now at Yale University says in a letter to Mrs. Burtner: "I am sure there are thousands of us who feel more keenly than you know the loss that we have all sustained."

The following from Rev. Fay M. Bowman, pastor of the U. B. Church at Hoytville, Ohio, will be representative of all:

My dear Mrs. Burtner:

With a deep sense of loss and of personal bereavement I heard today of Doctor

RESOLUTIONS, LETTERS, TESTIMONIALS

Burtner's death. While I was a student, and since my college days are over, I have received inspiration and help by his life and ministry. I have regarded him as my ideal minister. May our Heavenly Father give to you and yours the comfort of His grace in your great sorrow.

Your brother in Christ,
Fay M. Bowman.

Hoytville, Ohio,
October 3, 1923

TESTIMONIALS

BY DEAN N. E. CORNETET

To serve is to be great, when this service is rendered in great causes. In this way abiding friendships are formed and the continuity of life assured. "Not to be ministered unto, but to minister" was Jesus' standard of life.

The Westerville United Brethren Church has had an illustrious line of ministers. I have known them for a third of a century. Five of these men are living and doing great work. Our deceased pastor, Doctor Burtner, was the peer of any of these, and in some characteristics, he was superior.

He was a logical thinker. When he entered Otterbein, he was mature. He was a diligent, inquiring student. It was a privilege to be his professor in Greek. This was a vital language to him and gave him keen, spiritual insight into many a great verse in the New Testament.

While in Yale School of Religion, he distinguished himself with *cum laude*. He was developing more and more his scholarly attributes. During this time he served a pastorate in Derby, Connecticut. Following his graduation, he became pastor in Missoula, Montana, then for one year he was pastor in Spokane, Washington. At this time, our minister, Doctor S. F. Daugherty, was planning to accept another pastorate. Being made chairman of the committee to name a candidate for our pulpit, the impression came to me that *one man* in my range of acquaintance with ministers was *the person*. My associates were not so sure, so I was instructed to write other men, too. However, in the meantime, I was getting Doctor Burtner's attitude and fitness before our Committee.

A request was made that he state his position on certain great doctrinal questions, especially, the Deity of Christ. I will now quote certain sentences which I have in a letter written August 12, 1914. "We need now a great theologian who can gather up the work of many men, who can speak the language of the modern scientific world, who knows what science has tried to do and what philosophers think they know, and give a commanding statement of the Christian position; one that relates science to the problems of religion and that sets forth the limitations of the critical faculties as organs of spiritual knowledge. I am sure the world is ready for such a statement." We who heard him feel confident he was this theologian.

You all will want his terse statement on the "Deity of Jesus." This follows: "Yes, I believe in the Deity of Jesus. I believe it in no such indefinite fashion as these do who say they believe in the Divinity of Jesus Christ, and add under their breath, that they believe also in the divinity of man. If Christianity is a redemptive religion, we must have been reached by God in Christ. The world will not bring its sin to a mere man. Then, unless Jesus is God incarnate there is no redemption. And

MEMORIAL OF A MAN OF GOD

we have the fact of Christ. We know that He is what we want. We know that He who spoke as never man spoke is our Creator. He meets our needs, and we cannot help discerning that His power is not of ourselves, but is that of the Eternal God." In this letter he presented other fundamental beliefs which produced a great soul.

He ministered in this parish nine years and was appointed for the tenth. His manner of life is known in Westerville and appreciated. He served keenly his church, but he was alive to all community and civil needs and problems. He was a great idealist, yet a pragmatist. He worked out his ideals. These were his motive force.

Our beloved pastor gave himself unstintedly. He performed a wonderful work in the Inter-Church movement. It was this cosmopolitan service that drew on his life so freely. He had a feeling heart for all races and conditions. He was a Paul in the twentieth century.

He was aware of the problems and perils of students, hence, was able to aid them as few men can. He was the student's friend. Never too weary, or busy, was he to confer with them. He was a great college pastor,—no wonder Beloit College wanted him. His kind is rare.

Doctor Burtner will be remembered most tenderly by the afflicted and bereft. Instantly he was with these, and he knew so well how to act, what to do, and the words he should speak. He was in this phase of his ministry a great expert. He had entered into Jesus' heart of compassion. His funeral messages were treasure houses of great and good things. It seemed he arose to ecstatic visions in many of these. These were as heartfelt and well-prepared for the most lowly member as for the great and distinguished. He found nobility in all.

A great and good man has fallen, or rather, has been transported. He lives there, and here. Such a life continues to multiply. Its halo of glory will brighten, for Christ has been formed within, the hope of glory. Heaven and earth are full of Him.

"O glory of the heaven!
O sole delight of earth!
To Thee all power be given,
God's uncreated birth!
Of mankind lover true,
Endearer of his wrong,
Who dost the world renew,
Still be Thou our salvation and song."

By Reverend A. M. Courtenay; a foreword to the sermon at morning service in the First Church of the United Brethren in Christ at Westerville, Ohio, October 14, 1923.

One cannot stand in this place without a quick sense of the presence which graced it through years of noble instruction and inspiration.

And reflection thereon evokes a sincere sympathy with this Congregation, the whole Evangelical Brotherhood, and indeed the Kingdom of Christ at large, which all are poorer for the loss from earth of such a Minister.

But there is a narrower, keener, tenderer sharing of sorrow with the Widow and Fatherless, whose grief is more vital, more poignant and enduring. May the Covenant-keeping God surround and shelter them with His providence, soothe and solace them by His grace, abundant as their need.

RESOLUTIONS, LETTERS, TESTIMONIALS

Our Brother who has passed out of our reach was my friend whom I greatly admired and esteemed. We knew each other so far as may busied men, absorbed by their own concerns in an urgent and hurrying age. And in the retrospect there is not a word I could wish otherwise, any deed or even attitude of spirit he could not carry with him straight to Heaven. Blessings on his memory which breathes into our hearts serenity, wisdom, cheerfulness, and a pure affection for humankind.

This is no time for ample analysis and eulogy. But one thing I must testify. He was a scholar, and eager pupil of modern thought in all its provinces. More than that, he was its interpreter as one in vital contact with the common life of the day, who through an adjusting, balanced judgment saw surely, sanely the relation of logic to being as it now exists with all its medley of experience.

Hence his faith stood unshaken like a granite cliff above tumultuous seas. He was unwaveringly loyal to "the faith once delivered to the saints," to the "truth as it is in Jesus." He knew the reconciling terms between speculation and authority, between the fresh, virginal thought of our day and the age-abiding verities and potencies of the spirit in its religious instincts and experiences. So his preaching, while sound of substance was astir with conviction and sympathy, alive with human interest, lucid, persuasive and quickening to both thought and life. From the heights it came down to be at home in the business and bosoms of men.

God must need him much somewhere away, to have called him from usefulness on earth to the Citizenry of Heaven widening.

From J. H. Larimore, former Mayor of Westerville:

Not only the United Brethren congregation, but the church in general and the educational and other interests of American Christianity suffered a great loss in the death of Rev. Elmer Edwin Burtner.

He had served on practically all of the important committees in the South-east Ohio Conference of the United Brethren church. Having had early pastorates in the Congregational church, it was but natural that that denomination should hold him in high regard and during his Westerville pastorate he received invitations to Congregational pastorates at higher salaries. He also had been sought by other congregations in the United Brethren church, but he believed it to be his duty to remain in Westerville.

True to the doctrines and principles of his own denomination, Doctor Burtner was also broad and in sympathy with other Christian forces. He was much interested in all movements which looked toward church union, and was on the staff of speakers of the Interchurch World Movement. He had a very lively interest also in the affairs of Westerville as a citizen.

Doctor Burtner, presumably, was in the ascent of his career as a preacher. Had he lived even greater things than he had attained were prophesied of him. Many persons, not of his denomination, delighted to hear him preach. He had a catholicity of spirit, not so often found among ministers as it should be found. His was such a place in the denomination, to which he had pledged allegiance, and in the Christian world in general as will not be easily filled. Doctor Burtner had the courage of his convictions and was happy in the faculty of presenting his beliefs in such a way as that whether you actually agreed with every thing he said or not, you readily accepted his utterance for statements made from a good and honest heart and after mature deliberation. He was grounded in the essentials of Christianity but saw too that

MEMORIAL OF A MAN OF GOD

religion is an ever unfolding panorama and a widening field of beauty. He was especially strong in pointing out the beauty of the life and example of the Man of Galilee and in emphasizing the great Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man.

Doctor Burtner possibly would have lived longer had he not spent so much time and energy in arduous study and research. He was a human question mark, always wanting to know and to pass on for the benefit of his congregaion, his community, and the world at large the things he found out. He was an omniverous reader and a deep thinker. His pulpit utterances left one a great deal to think about and to reason out.

"He was a man; take him for all in all
We shall not look upon his like again."

From Professor George Scott of Otterbein College:

I admired Doctor Burtner first, for his splendid physique. His appearance anywhere at once won him favor and gave the impression of a man of eminence.

Second, his intellectual strength. He was one of the strongest men I have ever known. He never paraded his learning, yet, in polish, in grace, in oratory, as a deep original thinker, he had few equals.

Third, his fine soul qualities—an Elijah in moral courage, a Moses in meekness. He was the impersonation of dignity without haughtiness. He was able to catch the supreme effulgence of the beautiful, the good, the wholesome and the inspiring, and to speed invigorating power in every life that came in contact with his. His sermons were inspirations to higher ambitions and more Christ-like living and to listen to them and be with him was to absorb a grander ideal and a broader charity for all mankind.

But the moral quality in his nature that impressed itself most strongly upon me was his spirit of self-sacrifice. His sermons on this topic were inimitable. No man's preaching on this topic ever affected me as did his. It was because his whole life was a sacrifice. He gave himself for others. I never had anyone whom I respected and loved more highly as a co-laborer, adviser, preacher, and friend.

There is so much of grandeur in a character like Doctor Burtner's that I rejoice that such a priceless inheritance has been left in his noble self-sacrifice for the weal of others.

George Scott.

October twenty-two, 1923.

III.—Words of Wisdom from Our Minister



This photograph by Baker was taken about the time our
Minister began his Westerville pastorate.

THE EASTER HOPE

We shall vividly recall our dear minister at future Easter seasons. Then he was most eloquent in his declarations of faith in Jesus the conqueror of death and in the power and certainty of the endless life. The themes of his messages were: "Death Abolished," "Immortality," "The Life to Come," "The Practical Value of Belief in Immortality," and the like topics. Never shall we forget the hope and courage and perfect trustfulness his words inspired. We shall ever hear echoes of such thoughts as these:

"Think of the great and noble souls of the past—Moses, Isaiah, Paul, Augustine, Francis of Assizzi, Luther, Knox, Lincoln—thousands more. Is it possible that what they did will outlast what they were? Does God give character like that and then throw it away? Is God lighting candles and then snuffing them all out? Is there a way to hear it in verse? Listen to this hopeless poet:—

'Out—out are the lights, out all!
And out each quivering form.
The curtain, a funeral pall,
Comes down with the rush of a storm
And the angels, all pale and wan,
Uprising, unveiling, affirm
That the play is the tragedy man
And its hero, the Conqueror Worm.'

"Is there no way of conserving the divine glory of our nature that it is to be blotted out? Is the worm to be king forever? And will God be left to stalk up and down in the universe in a wild orgy of glee at having worked out such an enormous and elaborate trick—a scheme to deceive man, disappoint him and laugh at his vain wishes as man shuffles off into the dark? Such a being would be a thousand times more heartless than old Nero who lighted Rome with Christians at stakes upon the walls—just to enjoy the light. No, a thousand times no! It is far more easy to have faith that God is good, that the universe is rational. God does not play such devilish tricks. He does not so trifle with human hearts.

"Let us pass from speculation to the assurance of the Christian's bible. Here is the tremendous assertion and proof of faith. The Old Testament breathes it: 'Nevertheless I am continually with Thee; Thou wilt guide me with Thy counsel and afterward received me into Thy glory.' 'Whom have I in heaven but Thee? And there is none upon the earth I desire beside Thee.' 'My flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever'.

"But still more vivid and convincing is the New Testament. Glory to God! Jesus brought life and immortality to light. Jesus Christ arose from the dead. This is the outstanding fact. The disciples fled from the cross in despair. They gave up all! Then something happened, that drew them together, transformed them, dissolved all doubts, removed all fears. Then they faced governors and kings, preached their faith and one after another died for their faith. Something had happened. What? Christ arose from the dead. But for that miracle there would have been no church, no Christianity preached. It is the Cross that gave us the gospel. It is the resurrection gives us Christianity. It is Jesus the divine conqueror of death who guarantees us immortal life."

"THE POWER OF AN ENDLESS LIFE"

In the inspiring sermon delivered upon this topic (Hebrews 7:15-16) which many will remember, our Minister gave the signs and evidences making full proof of the powers of endless life in the soul:—

"What is man that Thou art mindful of him? We know not what we shall be but the life that now is gives prophecy and guaranty of the life that is to come. How meagre is the life here. See these powers: Reason, Intelligence, Memory, Conscience, Will, Love. All are like the unpromising seed of the redwood which after twenty-five hundred years growth is the giant of the forest.

"Watch these powers develop. What a struggle to learn the multiplication table. What a task, but it is finally stored in. Then how difficult at first to talk, but the vocabulary gets into place. Here are the great scholars. They learned their mother tongue, then another and another language. They have uncovered the history of ancient times; they have rediscovered the old laws and literature and philosophies and gathered them into the ever expanding chambers of memory and published them to the world. Why should this process stop? It will not; it will go on and on. There will be time enough. We should like to devote a thousand years to music. Our time is too short here. Yet, blessed be His name, we shall have the time. Memory is to go on, so will all the other faculties.

"Think of the intellect—memory expands, new contacts are made with the universe, with great minds, with new ideas and associations of ideas. This means that our powers of deduction, induction and reasoning will expand. What a wealth of thought, contemplation, principle, sentiment, eternity will provide!

"The imagination, too, will be there in the endless life upon stronger pinions and farther reaches of flight. Far greater will be the resources of material from which to construct its creations. By the time we have passed through many orders of worlds, mingling with an endless variety of scenes and souls and taken up many a beatific vision, the imagination will have kept swift pace with memory and reason.

"And what a tragedy should spiritual faculties be left behind. They will not be left behind. As we pass through world after world, feeling and thinking through all that is in them, we shall know God by experiences upon the same expanded scale. How rich and inspiring to think of the depth and scope of the souls insight and judgment, what vast generalizations will be made exploring with Him with Whom we live and move—walking with Him, talking with Him, comprehending His purposes, appreciating the grandeur of His designs, looking upon the glory of His holiness, actually sharing in it; all the while with Christ, manifested, clearly revealed like Him, growing to the fullness of the measure of His stature. And this refulgence of glorious growth and progress never at an end, on and on, joy increasing, wisdom expanding, life abounding. These powers are in my soul. It is not hard to think of Professor Miller, of Professor Wagoner, as going on in that great life, but every one of us will do this.

"Listen, Did you sin? Did flesh have its hold upon you? Look up! Through Christ you are to have the powers of the endless life.

"Are you in poor health? Are you still trying to keep the frail bark seaworthy? Will it soon be left behind? Look up! This life is to merge into that. This is a seedling reaching out to the infinite universe.

"Is duty dull? Life narrow, contracted? Look up! You farmers, as you follow

the plow, think of the eternities of God; plow by the power of the endless life. You workers in humble places, all, endure the long day, the great weariness by the power of the endless life.

"Close in with this wonderful truth of faith and hope. Harness to your purpose of today the power of the endless life. No wonder Peter cried out, 'Unto you who believe—preciousness!'"

DEATH IS A JOURNEY

From another comforting discourse:—

"I believe we ought to feel that death is good. I do not believe that the death of the body came with sin. I think it was intended that this body fall away—perhaps not from disease but ripening to its end. In other words, here we have no abiding place, no continuing city. This is a tabernacle, a tent for the night, a part of the experience of the soul.

"I am with Tennyson who said (In Memoriam):

'I wage not any feud with death
For changes wrought on form or face;
No lower life that earth's embrace
May breed with him can fright my faith.

Eternal process moving on
From state to state the spirit walks,
And these are but the shattered stalks
Or ruined chrysalis of one.

Nor blame I death because he bare
The use of virtue from the earth,
I know transplanted human worth
Will bloom to profit elsewhere.'

"This is all this is, just a journey; death a turn in the road. Paul wanted to die. He believed in the wonder of the next state. But he had launched such vast plans; there was so much to do and so few to do it, he wanted to see it going on. He would depart and be with Christ but he did love his churches so. But then he left it all with God the Father. Well may we do likewise.

'So when the iron portal shuts behind us
And life forgets us in its noise and whirl,
Visions that shunned the glaring noonday find us,
The glimmering starlight shows the gates of pearl.

"Death is a prophecy. It intimates much. It shows a radiant prospect. 'It doth not appear what we shall be; but we shall be like Him.' That is enough to know."

CHANGED FROM GLORY UNTO GLORY

In his farewell tribute to J. L. Morrison, Minister Burtner counseled all to follow the footsteps of the exemplary bookseller as he followed after his Master:—

"Jesus Christ,—We think of His character as wonderful. He had Strength, everything secure,—mind, heart, will. He was Happy, but with capacity for suffering with others. He was Light-hearted but never trivial; Pious but never sanctimonious; Meek but never mushy or pliable; Indignant but with discrimination tempered with love. Jesus was Courageous but never reckless; Friendly but never impertinent or too familiar; Sincere but He never talked about it. Jesus had Power, personal, transforming others, but not forcing them—no cunning, no chicanery. Power, but never misused. Jesus had Optimism but He reckoned with evil; He had Idealism, not fluttering fancies, but built upon verities of spiritual order; Enthusiasm, not fussy feverishness; Chivalry real and genuine, not by mere rule. Jesus had Charm, the charm of beauty, of fascination; He had Poise, was level-headed, sane, never lost self-control. Jesus had Pity, it was infinite, profound, but this did not obscure or palliate wrong doing and guilt. The Mercy of Jesus was the wideness of God's mercy but never condoning wrong; the Severity of Jesus was not cruel, it was relentless and yet redemptive. The Tenderness of Jesus was great because of His massive strength. His Simplicity was unconscious, it lived in His soul, His habits, His tastes of life. His Reverence was true devotion to sacred things, to God His Father. His Brotherliness was wide as the human race, knew no distinction,—He was fascinated with anything human. Jesus himself was Human; He was Natural, showed what man was meant to be; He was Dauntless,—no rebuffs could shake Him; He was Sane but not slow, not over-cautious; He was Independent, free from all, sure of Himself; He was Patient, with insight, hope, faith; He was Purposeful—not addicted to panaceas—with one purpose, steady, deep as the will of God. What Joy had Jesus—the deep-going, profound, sacred joy of holiness; and what Faith had Jesus exhibited in His utter consecration to His holy mission in His devotion to His brethren and in His continual fulness of hope and love.

"This is all very wonderful. In this summary of the characteristics and traits of Jesus, I have had Father Morrison in my thought. He was not that good. But he reminded us of Jesus. We could tell where he got his inspiration—Who he walked with. John says that here beholding Jesus is to become like Him to enter into His glory. Likewise Paul said: 'Beholding as in a mirror the glory of the Lord we are transformed into the same image from glory to glory.' The best I can say of Father Morrison is: we saw him beholding, saw the process going on, the progress in transformation. So let us follow on in his footsteps to know our Lord Jesus as he did know Him."

Yes, and the members of our congregation, the citizens of our village, the ministers of Columbus and of his conference,—we all realized that dear pastor Burtner himself was steadily beholding as in a mirror the glory of Jesus and was being transformed into the same image from glory to glory!

LOVING WORDS ABOUT CHILDREN

Minister Burtner's text at the funeral of five year old Ruth Schear was: "To such belongeth the Kingdom of God."—

"An English scientist has set down the great discoveries of the last century. It is an impressive list. This one is left out,—the child. This has really been a rediscovery—for Jesus discovered the child long ago. This was the bright glory of his humanity and his insight. It was pure revelation he made of the Fatherhood of God. * * * * Jesus showed the child's place is in the Kingdom. They brought their children—the parents. The Greek statement shows that fathers brought the older children, the mothers the babies—some had been recently born. They 'offered him their children,' brought them as a gift to an altar. They dedicated them to Him. Now, that made the slow-minded disciples angry. What is the use to disturb Jesus with these crying babies. Oh, but what did Jesus think? He was delighted that they offered them. 'To them belongs the Kingdom of God.' If not to them then to no one. 'Suffer them to come unto me, do not hinder them,' he cried; took them eagerly in his arms, blessed them, laid his hands on them! That was one of the holiest hours in the history of the world!

"He who loved the children here loves and tends them in the heavenly home. It is a comforting thought that there must be children in Heaven. There would be none if none gave them up. This beautiful incident comes vividly to the minds of these sorrowing parents. Mr. and Mrs. Schear went once to the cemetery. A butterfly flitted over a grave. This reminded them of a poem Professor Schear in his early nature studies learned to love. It is full of the truth I wish to impress now:

"A butterfly basked on a baby's grave,
Where a lily had chanced to grow.
'Why art thou here with thy gaudy dyes
While she of the blue and sparkling eyes
Must sleep in the churchyard low?'

The butterfly soared through the balmy air
And spoke from its shining track,
'I was a worm till I won my wings
And she whom thou mournst like a seraph sings,
And wouldst thou call the blest one back?'

"Such children as dear, innocent Ruth go straight to Jesus. 'Suffer them to come unto me.' 'He took them in his arms and blessed them.' "

From Doctor Burtner's funeral tribute to Mrs. F. O. Clemens:

"To see Jesus, really face to face, limitations of time and sense gone; to be in His presence, feel the power of His holiness, the divine wonder of His love—looking until transformed into the same image, we pass from glory unto glory. 'I will that they shall be with me where I am that they may behold my glory, glory that I had with Thee before the world was.'

My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all
And I shall be like Him."

MEMORIAL OF A MAN OF GOD

LOVE WILLING TO SUFFER

In the loss of our pastor we recall his words at the passing of an aged loved one:

"Separation is hard. Death does bring sorrow, no matter what the preacher says. Love will suffer. Here is broken a long and beautiful companionship—more than fifty years. No love, no loss. Let me have my human love and lose all else rather than beat it down in order not to suffer. Let me fear if I must but let me love. I do not want a petrified heart!"

A CHRIST-LIKE LIFE

A fine example of our minister's ability to analyze human character and give a loving and graceful tribute was shown in his funeral eulogy of Professor Rudolph H. Wagoner:—

"This is the key then to his character, Christ's law of love. It gave him strength—of will and heart—because it gave incentive. He was happy, but capable of a deep and suffering sympathy; devout but never sanctimonious; meek, but never surrendering his independence; capable of tremendous indignation, but always tempered with fine discrimination; courageous but not reckless; friendly but never impertinent or meddlesome; sincere but he did not talk about it; he had the vast power of influence, not of cunning nor the misuse of his friends; optimism he had but he was not blind to the forces of organized evil. He believed in his ideals, but they were not fluttering fancies of an idle mind or unreal soul, he believed in them because his heart rested in peaceful reliance on the will of God and His Kingdom. He had abounding enthusiasm, but it was not a feverish haste or flurry for it was sustained by intense convictions, abiding faith and constraining love for men; his chivalry was deep reverence for womanhood; he had pity for all suffering, he had a mercy which sprang from his desire to redeem men; his tenderness was pronounced because of his great positive strength; his simplicity was as sincere, as unstudied, and as free from self-consciousness as a child's; his reverence for holy things arose from his sense of the sacredness of human love and from his sense of the sovereignty and holiness of God; patient, but not weakly acquiescent in deliberate and persistent perversity; independent, but not arrogant or haughty; humble but not unwilling to bemean himself; his faith was not built up of human speculations, it was a child's trust; he was so brotherly that all kinds of men could understand and enjoy him, for though he knew men differ from each other in many things, to him there was only one rank among them. He was so grateful to God and his fellow men that he seemed overwhelmed at the goodness and blessing and privilege of life. He thought of so much to be happy about he could not grumble. He was so grateful to God and men that he could not be stingy, but was always giving and sharing. As much as he enjoyed the friendship and good will that brought gifts to him, still he knew it is better to give than to receive. His devotion to his cause was a mystery to many, but it is to be accounted

for not by his natural energy alone, but because he had Christ as the directing mind and the energizing power of his life. And it all was a joyousness that came to Him through Christ from our *happy* God! Far be it from me to say that his character carried all these lovely qualities in anything like the perfection or balance of combination as Jesus carried them; but I do say, 'How like our Master his character was!' He often said there were things about the New Testament he did not understand—mysteries of the power of God and mysteries of the human soul. But we know that somehow he drew close enough to his Lord to understand Him, and drew from Him something that enabled him not by his words so much as by his character to explain the man of Galilee. And so we say of him that he was a *beautiful* man!"

TRUTH MAKES US FREE

From The Tribute to Professor Miller

At the funeral of Frank E. Miller, professor of mathematics at Otterbein College, Doctor Burtner spoke from the text, "The truth shall make you free." He showed Professor Miller's outstanding characteristic was his passion for truth; how truth allured him far into the nights in search of it; how the truth endowed him with high character and set him free; how his largest help as a great teacher and as a loyal, personal friend of his students was in the imparting of his central educational ideal—loyalty to the truth; how he taught that reverence for truth, trust in it, confidence in it, leads the learner to Jesus Christ who said and proved it; "I am the truth:" how he showed his pupils that mathematics is only one pathway to God—then Dr. Burtner said:

"We want not mathematics, we want God. But mathematics as a pathway to God, as an approach to the secret of the universe, has in its sphere real revelation that is very valuable. Thus Professor Miller led his classes to want to see and know God and God's manifestation in his son Jesus Christ who was the truth; so all truth, whether in logarithms or other science, dates from God, witnesses for God, subsists in God, reveals God, goes back to the eternities, carries forward to the eternal. The great truth of all truths thus is found. The truth of truths is love. That is where mathematics leads to,—the God of Love."

Finally, Pastor Burtner said:

"I had a conversation with Professor Miller last summer. I said: 'Will you study mathematics in heaven?' His eye flashed. 'Not applied mathematics,' said he, 'but the mathematics of creation; how the worlds were made, the laws of being—the whole thing. How it is all resting back in the being of God.' Think of him, dear friends, today as such a student; that eager, loyal mind, going and going, on and on. Happy is he! Joyful! Not idle; already at this moment matriculated. He is signed up in the school of eternity. He was a student here, a pupil here, conducted and directed by the Great Teacher God. Now think of his great career with enlarged powers as a student of the universe beyond; one of the brilliant learners in that post-

MEMORIAL OF A MAN OF GOD

graduate school of martyrs and prophets. He has the same Instructor. He who was before the mountains were brought forth, or ever He had formed the earth and the world, who said, 'Let there be light,' and there was light. So like him, let us learn here and now from the Great Teacher Jesus Christ; so let us follow on one by one to know the unrevealed, waiting truths of a happy, joyful eternity."

MRS. REBECCA SHAUCK KNOX

The very beautiful memorial tribute of our minister, Doctor Burtner, to the aged and lovely Mrs. Knox, is one of his few fully typed productions. Everything in this booklet, except our minister's analysis of the character of Professor Wagoner and his paper on the "Minister's Spiritual Life" has been reproduced from notes, full enough for his ready and eloquent delivery but meager to those not familiar with them. The committee prints most of this loving eulogy of high literary taste and spiritual insight in which our minister records the passing, last year, of one widely known and much loved.

The pastor's introduction gives the following facts: That Rebecca Shauck was born, January 9, 1836, in Morrow County, Ohio, and on the day of her death, January 9, 1923, she was 91 years and 21 days of age; that she was one of 14 children, six of whom attended Otterbein College; that Rebecca was converted at 19, has been a member of the United Brethren church 72 years and of this church 60 years; that by her marriage, in 1863, to John Knox, a "commanding figure" of Westerville and one of the truest friends Otterbein has had, she became second mother to seven children; that the eighth child is Mrs. Nellie Knox Miller; that in Mrs. Knox's heart all were "her children" and that in praise of them it could be said she was a "real mother" to all. The discourse then continued, to the end, as follows:—

Hers was a busy life for many years, until, the family all gone, she made her home with her daughter, Mrs. Miller. But she had an energetic mind. She had the intellectual hunger which is always found in a strong mind. As evidence of this we need only recall that during the middle eighties she procured the books for the four-year course of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle and read them alone, for there was no reading circle here then, passed her examinations, went to Chautauqua in 1888 and was graduated. That she found the time and had the will to do it indicates what were her tastes and also something of the strength of her character.

Of course we are thinking today of what seems to have been, and was, her remarkable vitality of body. We should remind ourselves that it has not always seemed that she had the prospect of ninety-one years of such health. During the babyhood of her daughter she went into a decline that seemed to bode an early ending of her life. But with that care which her well-disciplined will sustained her in she recovered her strength. And as "Aunt Merchant" said, "after that she carved out her constitution." But that does not wholly account for her later years. A part of their secret we shall consider presently. But one reason for it we like to think of. Her sun did sink slowly to its setting. It was a gorgeous sunset, too. There were a few dark, low-lying clouds of sorrow stretched across the wide expanse of wonderful color that marked her

evening time. For some far younger than herself, and far more dear to her than life, were going on before her. In a little resume of her life which she wrote with her own hand she says she told some of the children to whom she had been "mother" that the reason she stayed here so long was that everyone was so kind to her. It is true no disease consumed her vitality. But it was a wonderful shelter she had, made up of all the comfort and security that tender hands and a determined love could provide. By that rare adoration, Death was cheated and outwitted more than once. And that is one reason she stayed so long.

We linger fondly over every small incident of her last days and cherish sacredly each little deed, every word. The last time she was at church was Communion Sunday, December 10. She wanted to go, for she had said she never knew what Sunday would be her last at this blessed feast. She realized that soon she could say to us she would no more drink with us of the fruit of the vine until she should drink it new in the heavenly Kingdom. For thus

"Feast after feast had come, and passed by;
Yet passing, pointed to the glad feast above.
Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss above."

Soon after this she entered into her last decline whose progress could scarcely be arrested for a day. Gradually she became weaker. She ate less and less, and did not sleep very well. But she was without pain. Except for failing strength her comfort was almost complete. As things of earth moved farther and farther away, dear ones long gone were in her mind and in those strange and far-wandering journeys we take in our dreams she often met with them. Or they came at her beck and call, summoned from out that world which is so thinly, even if so darkly, veiled from this. It would almost seem that the last days of her life she was far more in the next world than in this, so gradually did she lay aside this robe of flesh.

Her eyesight failed rapidly at the last so that she could not keep on with her reading even in her large-print Bible. She had been reading the Book of the Acts through. Last Saturday evening she asked her daughter to read for her. Taking up the story where she had left it, two chapters were read. Then Mother Knox asked her to pray. After she prayed she wondered if "Mother" Knox would feel strong enough to pray, too. Without waiting she began her prayer.

The day before she died her mind was somewhat confused. But the morning of the thirtieth she arose and contended that she was quite able to dress herself. All morning she lay upon the lounge, talked some to friends who came in but yielded herself some to drowsy sleep. At noon she was ready to eat something but was too weak to feed herself, and for the first and only time in her life her daughter fed her. "I don't want to eat any more", she said. A little later in her troubled sleep she said something about the "campaign." Asked if she meant the college campaign she said she did. She was told that President Clippinger did not want her to do anything more about it.

A little later in the afternoon the things that are seen slipped beyond the range of her attention and she could not be brought back to them. Quietly she slept, so quietly that one could hardly know just when Sleep yielded his dominion to his twin-

MEMORIAL OF A MAN OF GOD

brother Death. But at six-fifty-eight this gentle soul was off to begin her infinite course of joy and growth with Him of whom she had her being.

It was a beautiful way to go. Nothing could have been more appropriate as an ending for this lovely soul which amid every stress was so patient, amid every storm was so calm. Like a flower she faded gently, slowly. As quietly as falls the last petal from the last rose of summer she left us.

"The flowers know when to go.
The fairy clocks strike the inaudible hour
In field and woodland, and each punctual flower
Bows at the signal an obedient head
And hastes to bed!"

That is just how it was. There was no disease, not so much as a slight cold. The currents of life ceased to run. She had lived up all the reserve that Nature had provided her and she could not increase the store. When what she had was gone she just laid down and went to sleep and has not awakened. So far as any one can see, that is all that happened.

Let me assure you now that I shall not try to explain "Mother" Knox to you. Nor shall I indulge in fulsome praise of her. I would not mar the example of her life with many words. Example is much more forcible than precept, more gracious and effective, too, because men always watch our practice to see what we mean by our words. But Wendell Phillips said that examples acquire ten fold more authority when they speak from the grave. Several thousand years ago it was said that when virtue is present mankind took example from it, but when it is gone they earnestly desire it. There are some whose remembrance is sweet as honey in all mouths. It is true as that great soul, Phillips Brooks said, "No man or woman of the humblest sort can really be strong and gentle, pure and good, without the world being better for it, without somebody being helped and comforted by the very existence of that person." We can do more good by being good than in any other way. We have far more need of models than of critics. So it would be hopeless perversity that could stand here in this presence and not wish to be better than we are. Today our hearts ought to be heavy not because she has gone on before but because we are so far behind her. So, avoiding the sacrilege of over much praise, let us remind ourselves of those things which endeared "Aunt Becky" as she was affectionately called by so many, to all who knew her.

She said of herself that she was "timid and retiring." It was hard for her to render any sort of public service. She described herself as "just a busy Martha." All her long life she worked for others and without complaint. She was only anxious to find her duty. Not long ago I read to her this hymn:

"Father, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me;
And the changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see.
But I ask Thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.

HIS WORDS OF WISDOM

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great things to do,
Some secret thing to know.
I would be treated as a child
And guided where I go.

So I ask Thee for daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
A mind to blend with outward life
While keeping at Thy side.
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified."

She said she liked that thought. Liked it indeed! Liked it for many, many years. It is one thing to admire it as a pretty sentiment, but to believe in it and for seventy years work out your faith in the sort of life the sentiment praises—well, that is different. Most of us would find monotony in that way of living. We all admire and praise the Marys, they who seem "to have chosen the better part" of life. But is it not significant that however much we admire or wonder at—even envy—the Mary-type we all do exceedingly love the Marthas? Any way, it was Martha who received Jesus into her house. It was said of Mary that she "also" sat at Jesus' feet. I am very glad for that "also," because it tells us that Martha sat at the feet of Jesus, too. The Marthas have need to be there. They could not put in so many hours in the kitchen if they did not find some time to be with Him.

Every Martha is unselfish. Mary looked after her own soul, and was anxious about it. And, oh, that is well! But Martha had others in mind and had a simple-hearted and sincere desire to do for them. And I tell you that that, too, is good for the soul! If for no other reason it is good for us because sometimes it takes a lot of grace. It makes rigorous discipline, for while it is a nice creed it is always an exacting one. After a while the body gets tired and the heart does not have any more of that patience which is endurance than it needs, and sometimes it is as necessary that the will shall re-enforce grace as that grace shall support the will.

This ideal of life leads inevitably to a certain self-sufficient independence. There is always a certain dogged determination to carry on. These people serve, but it is only late in life that they accept service with any degree of contentment. Even then it is not easy. With stubborn tenacity they cling to their way of doing for themselves. It was characteristic of "Mother" Knox—and of her type—that last Tuesday morning she thought she was quite able to dress herself. Remember it is not only a sturdy will that accounts for this way of living; it is an ideal.

Another memory we shall cherish of her was her mirth. Perhaps it is fair to say that she would not have been a Shauck if she could not have laughed. She was always ready for a joke. It was a saving sense of humor that she had. It is a natural gift, but also a Christian grace, to see the funny side of life. Everybody needs the boon of it. Laughter means sunshine; it even means sympathy. Without it life is dull, and long. Who was it who said that morally considered Laughter is next to the Ten Commandments? "People who do not know how to laugh are always pompous and conceited," said Thackeray. I am not sure of that, but we ought to know that sweet laughter never was found in the life of a bad person. It means health for the

MEMORIAL OF A MAN OF GOD

mind. However all of this may be, whatever would a "busy Martha" do without it? We have a blessed promise that "His grace is sufficient for every time of need," but it needs to come to us some times in the form of laughter. It is a pleasure to hope that there will be time enough in eternity for some of the Lord's very best people to learn to laugh. It is a fatal wickedness not to take life seriously but I am wondering what they would do whose mission it is to fill what most of us call a "little space" and render an inconspicuous and undistinguished service if they did not have that saving sense of humor that enables them to bear patiently with those sometimes very wonderful people who take themselves—not necessarily life—so very seriously.

But her sense of humor was, of course, a part of her mental outfit. It came with her. She had something else which was far more important; she had unfailing good cheer, and that is a Christian grace which she achieved. It had much to do with her long life. "A merry heart doeth good like medicine." It was one thing that made the long hours and the heavy physical burdens of her life endurable. Shakespeare uttered a profound truth when he said:

"A merry heart goes all day,
A sad one tires in a mile."

She did not come by this because she was a favorite of fortune, a darling of Nature. She achieved it! There is one important admonition of the Lord often overlooked, which she did something about. We forget it, for we have a slender hold on the profound and moving cause that Jesus assigned for our good cheer. "Be of good cheer," he said; "I have overcome the world." Some people laugh because they cannot help it. That is very well. But some have that good cheer which rests back upon what Christ IS and upon what He DID! Once I asked her how she kept so cheerful. Why she said, "Christians aren't any other way, are they?" We shall have to admit that some of them are. They are only partial Christians, only learning really. But think of it, Jesus has overcome the world already. We may rest on that, stop our fretting, and be of good cheer. He means that we shall. "Be THOU of good cheer" is the admonition. Goodness is the primal thing, of course. But, oh, how much better it is if good people make their goodness agreeable! The early church was anxious about this. It conquered the pagan world with joy! One of the old pagan writers said the Holy Spirit was a hilarious spirit. One of the fruits of the Spirit is joy. One of the inevitable occupations of heaven is praise. Eternity is too short to utter it ALL, so why not make a good start and begin here. The Evangel is good news. The angels announced the coming of our holy faith to the world and the very first word of that mighty strain was that throbbing word "JOY." So every exponent of the new Evangel of Joy should exemplify it. Remember I say that good cheer is more than mirth. Mirth may be the bent of the mind, but good cheer is a Christian grace. It is a fruit of the Spirit. It rests back on what Christ has done and comes out of our life in Him. Yes, doubtless "Mother" Knox was right in saying that she had been a "busy Martha," but her good cheer is proof to me that some times our Marthas sit at the feet of their Lord. It is Martha's way to do her time at the feet of Jesus when her sister Mary is not looking. Her hour is often at the end of a long and trying day when everybody else is in bed. And if Martha learns less there than her sister Mary, it is sweet and very thrilling the way she makes use of her blessing.

And then I think I may put forth another statement that will commend itself as one under the restraint of an understatement. "Mother" Knox had a sweet disposition.

We all loved her. There was an ineffable sweetness about her that eludes description. We know some commonplace things to say; but the virtues are not any too commonplace. She was patient, and gentle and kind. She was not easily provoked; was easy to be entreated. She was not critical; she was not censorious. She had a good tongue in her head, and she had it under good control. Death and life are in the power of the tongue. By examining the tongue one can tell far more about the health or maladies of the mind than one can about maladies of the body. "A sharp tongue is the only edge-tool that grows sharper with use." I am saying just this: She was easy to live with because she had an ideal and a love that successfully governed her tongue. Now what is it, aside from what we call the baser sins, that so much mars the grace of the soul if it is not just this harsh temper that readily finds fault and is hard to please? Standing by her side today, and thinking of all that she has been, how will we feel about our short comings in this regard? We may praise her and cherish fondly these memories about her. Well, then, will we stop our own harshness? Remembering her, will we try to be more patient, try to hold back our tongues from the speech that kills aspiration in another life, that lays burdens of dread and discouragement upon sincere hearts that have a difficult life anyway? It would almost seem that just to remember her good cheer and her sweet temper would not only shame us out of the unlovely sins we have but would inspire in us that desire and purpose that would prove an enabling power to attain to something of her gentle beauty of soul. If it shall be otherwise with us, we have not been worthy to know her, much as we have needed the help of her example and the rebuke that her life is.

Oh, how much unhappiness and heartache and gloom and discouragement come into life by our harsh words, our impatience! We have it in our homes and among our neighbors and friends. It ought not so to be. It could be otherwise. There is grace to help us.

"Oh, 'tis easy enough to be gentle
When the Silence of death shames our clamor;
But well it were for thee and me,
Ere love is past forgiving,
To take this gentle lesson home,
Be patient with the living!"

But we have not gone to the secret of her life yet. She was a woman of genuine devotion and piety. She could be loyal. To what extent her heart was wrapped up in Otterbein College it is easy to see. She was a student here in 1852. She was a charter member of the Philalethean Literary Society. She was proud of it. It was a pleasure to see her going to the annual banquet at Commencement times. It is eloquent of her interest to know that among the last words she uttered was something about the Jubilee Movement. She had had her full share in it, but it must not be forgotten that she will have her part in succeeding forward movements of the college. And for the simple reason that every college like this needs something besides money far more than it needs money; it must have the love of some hearts that have not much else to give. The best part of the great endowment of this college is not handled by the Treasurer. God has invested without our aid these sacred gifts. The true story of Otterbein College will never be written until it is told how a number of great women here in Westerville have loved it.

She gave her church a large place in her heart. Not many of its present members

MEMORIAL OF A MAN OF GOD

have been members of it as long as she has been. She was also a charter member of the local Missionary Society and of the Society for Church Work. All this while she has been proud of their work, and loyal to their purpose. She was much interested in having this church built. How greatly she enjoyed this organ! We shall miss her more than we can tell. We wonder who will be the next to sit in her pew near the front here until the age ninety is reached.

But there is one other word. In the brief sketch of her life she says of her relation to the church "not always faithful, but always trusting in the righteousness of Christ and believing in Him." Here is the root and spring of all that has been said. She was sincere in her religion. She would say that for herself, knowing that she could answer for her statement at the throne. She has not trusted in her own goodness, but in His. She has not believed in herself, but in Him. In this she has not wavered. It kept her faithful. To a degree one might not suppose she was faithful in her devotional life. And that is the great secret of her way of living. Once I asked her how she kept so cheerful, and if she was always that way. She allowed that perhaps I did not know her as well as I thought I did, and then she did give me a serious answer. She said, "One ought to be cheerful, surely." Yes, but "Mother" Knox, HOW?—that was the question, I asked you. "Well, I haven't had much to worry me; everybody is good to me," she said. Finally, she did intimate that she prayed some about it.

Yes, doubtless, that was it. That tells the "how." The Lord helped her. That was her daily need, her daily task, to keep sweet. And she found the necessary grace. Her ideal helped her, but the "grace" was what lasted so long. It is remarkable when you think of it how sweet she was. She did not scold. She was not hard to please. She was contented. She never did have that unhappy malady that almost always comes with old age; dotage, we call it. That was one disease of the mind she did not have. The ways of this modern world did not darken her spirit. It was different from the world of her active life, but she did not quarrel with it. She had no idea that goodness and wisdom would pass with her generation. Her sense of humor would have saved her from that, but had that been insufficient, her faith in people and in God would have done it. It is wonderful how much help we can get from heaven for our every-day needs, just our little commonplace needs. But the result is not commonplace. That is all too uncommon.

So here we have seen a simple, beautiful life—happy and contented and sweet, full of love and good works. Year after year as the body failed and she became more and more like some sensitive plant indigenuous to some half material world rather than to this there gathered about her a mysterious charm and fragrance that seemed to be some presence that did not exactly belong to earth. It seemed every time we beheld it a new, strange thing. Yet it was not new; it is only too rare. In face, we saw going on the beginning of that process that will have no end, the transformation of the soul into that heavenly state whose manifestation here in the earth life we call beauty. What we saw is most often deferred to the next life and which can take place only in the immediate presence of the One altogether lovely. Oh, if so much beauty doth reveal itself in the presence of these coarse things of earth, how beautiful must He be who is the author of it—He the Ever Bright One!

"Mother" Knox has lived for some time now in two worlds. Or rather she has brought into this some faint fragrance and beauty of the next, and we know not how to describe what we have seen. We have seen the unearthly mix with and suffuse the

heavenly. It was such a gradual process, and took place so quietly, but after we looked on long enough we saw and recognized, even if we did not understand, the mystery. I tell you, these two worlds are not as far apart as we think. Perhaps she is not so far away after all. And to have come by such evidence as this ought to make faith easier for us. We ought to have more reverence for life, more hope for it, and a better vision of its worth and glory. And so,

"Now we speak of her cheerfully always,
As journeying on;
Not as one who is dead do we name her,
But say she is gone.

For how could we speak sadly,
We who watched while the grace
Of Eternity's wonderful beauty
Stole over her face?"

THE MINISTER'S SPIRITUAL LIFE

This address to the Spokane Ministerial Association in 1913 has perhaps been delivered to other groups of Ministers. It should inspire and greatly help all, whether preachers or laymen, who read these burning words from our Minister's great soul aflame with the love of God.

The spiritual life of a church will not rise higher than that of the minister. A man of little vitality may begin work in a church that is on a higher level than he is. But if the church grows in the Christian life it will be less by the life he puts into it than by the momentum of his spiritual power. It is a great credit to some churches that they survive some pastorates. It ought to put new heart into any of us to see what permanence there is in our work when it is well done. It is amazing how the churches that Paul founded and moulded in a few weeks grew and waxed strong and weathered ridicule and persecution and philosophy and conservatism. When we reflect that he made some of them out of Jews and that if any one of us were to undertake to build a church in the Ghetto we should likely be overwhelmed with a sense of our own frailty. The spiritual power of such a man must have had so much grip in it that I, for my part, feel like crying out, "Woe is me, I am not worthy to be numbered among the preachers of the Gospel."

On the other hand, it is a solemn thing to assume the responsibility of church leadership in its spiritual life. I have said a church does not go beyond the attainment of its minister in this. It may. It is not likely to. I have known instances of it, but only two or three. On the other hand, many times have I seen a minister become the soul of a church. Not that the church is his, not that it worships him, but that they follow him into the deeper experiences of life. And now what they want is Life, spelled with a capital letter. That is what the minister must have, or he cannot be used of God in increasing in them Life. Let us understand then in the first place something of what that Life is. Now it is not merely a knowledge that your sins are forgiven. It is not an awareness that God reckons you just. It is that you have peace in the reflection that your name is written in Heaven. It is not a transaction in the skies in which you benefit. It is an expansion of your soul. It is really larger life.

MEMORIAL OF A MAN OF GOD

I wonder if anyone of you has been very ill—so ill that you could not raise your head from a pillow, that you could not eat, that you could not keep track of the day of the week, to say nothing of the day of the month, that you did not know your familiar friends, that you could not think, or imagine, and even that you were not always aware of yourself. Well, you were not very much alive. You could not use your legs, your arms or your brain. You got well, and are now able to eat heartily, to do business, to use your whole brain. I have a son fourteen months old. He has legs and arms, and I marvel at their activity. I envy him his appetite. He seems to have some mind. But he is not living a very rich life—that is, he has very little experience. The glory of his life is that it is getting richer. But he doesn't know anything much. He is innocent enough to reach for the moon. He likes noise for its own sake. Some day he will be able to get pleasure from something besides colors and sounds. He will enjoy ideas. He will enjoy imagination and will live in other places and centuries by means of it. He will link himself to the past—and learn from it. He will know some day the richer joys of love. And he will finally enter into the relationships that we call religion. It is a long, long stretch from the home and drum and wagon to the closet, to the solitary grandeur of a universe inhabited at least for one hour only by God and yourself, a long, long way from the day when a whole household must engage together to amuse you to the day when under the constraint of compassion and love you cannot hold yourself back from literally laying down your life in a service that is for the sake of others. But no one here questions which are the richer years, or when one is most alive. I think the man is tolerably near dead who is unmoved when the day goes out in splendor. Fully 90,000 people in this city were unmoved last evening at the glory of the sunset. Not many people are permanently enriched by the fourth symphony or by a great picture. Not many people spend an hour a week with the great poets, or the great minds that have enriched life. They simply do not think up to their capacity. They simply do not dwell steadily and searchingly with a problem of life, of character, of society. They do not have life.

But man can do more than rejoice in art. He can do more than imagine, or hold in his memory the glorious things of the past. He can do more than think. He has the power of faith, of hope and of love. Unless he enters into these experiences he is not yet fully alive. These are faculties of his nature just as much as are memory, and imagination—and *more*, immensely more, because no other faculty will come to its best until it takes its place along with these greater powers of the soul. If one is a man of faith, how different is the sunset! If a man has hope, how different will the contents of his memory become! He will not only interpret the period of history in the light of all that went before and that has transpired since, but also in the light that falls upon it from the eternities. And if one has the power of love, how different will all art be to him! To be a Christian is to have self-control of the whole self, every power that belongs to man, and to increase them more and more until one comes to the measure of the fullness of the stature of Christ Jesus—yes, even to that. Now salvation is not keeping out of hell; it is self-realization. And there is no other name given among men whereby a man can become all that man is to be but the name of Jesus.

So spiritual life is not simply a certain exhilaration, a certain exaltation, or excitement of feeling. The loftiest exaltation, the most transporting exhilaration, the most ecstatic rapture can come only to the greatest soul. It is the *quality* of a soul, rather than the kind of feeling that transfigures the countenance and causes even one's

raiment to shine. Some people try to work themselves into certain states of feeling by superficial methods. They try to force them, or bring them on. They think this is spiritual life. It is not; it is only an artificial stimulation. It can be induced; it doesn't come naturally, inevitably, irresistably. It can be and is often insincere.

Now we need to realize that spiritual life is the life of the soul whose highest faculties are unfolding—the soul that is rich in faith, in hope, in love, in their highest reaches. That is the soul that is taken up into the seventh heaven, and no other is, no matter how much of a swoon is induced or how many tears are shed, or how much noise is made. The permanent, abiding and really transporting raptures are those that come to one who gazes with undefended eye upon the dazzling glory of God's vast purposes, or upon the ineffable loveliness and the majestic strength of Jesus Christ.

Mark you, I am not saying that exalted moods are not to be desired. They are. I am guarding against all unreality. I am condemning those attacks of emotionalism that are induced, or worked up, or brought on. No man can preach who is not in an exalted mood. No man can write a sermon unless he is in such a frame of mind. But the foundations of it, my brethren, are deep laid. One must have done a deal of digging. It comes to stay after many a sweat. I iterate it: Spiritual life is the life of faith, and hope and love at their best. These are not states of the soul, like peace or happiness; they are faculties, they are powers. And no man has come to himself, is completely a man until he has these powers, no more than he is a man unless he can reason some. When anyone tells you that religion is something that man has contrived and is not a necessity that rises from the level of man's creation—well, you are dealing with a delinquent, pity him. Remember then, my brethren, that you are growing fundamentally in spiritual life when you are waxing strong in these things. Incidentally all other powers will increase their strength, too.

I myself *grow* in faith and hope and love. When the disciples asked Jesus to increase their faith, he increased it, he did not hand them a handful more. So I conceive my problem to be not to tell you how you can induce a certain state of feeling at 11:00 A. M. each Sunday, but how to grow in grace and in knowledge of the truth, that truth which when it shall make you free you shall be free indeed.

When one understands what is the attitude he ought to take to his development he will be in a way to make progress. We want to preach effectively, that is, we want to lead people into the life of full faith and hope and love; we want them to be, and to have the joy of, sons of God.

Preaching is serious business. I have a calendar at home prepared by friends. 365 leaves were distributed among them. Dr. Jefferson wrote on one leaf, "Preaching is a great work, and to do it as God wants it done, the preacher must be full of the Holy Ghost and of faith." Now anybody who can read can make an address or a lecture if he has access to a library. But sermons are not made that way. Fine phrases, great ideas, profuse figures, copious quotations and not even anecdotes make a sermon. It can not be got out of the Homiletic Review or the Pulpit Commentary or any other Homiletical work including "The Great Texts." Anybody can get a sermon that way. A sermon is made out of the substance of a man's soul. A sermon comes out of his Life, spelled with a capital "L." That sermon will be original because there is nobody else just like you. There are no duplicate personalities. Preaching is a work in which one lays down his life for the people. So, of course, if the sermon of power comes from the soul everything depends on the type of soul it comes from.

It is evident then that something marvelous must be going on in the life of the preacher. And indeed there is. He must realize that. If he does, he will be in a way to grow in spiritual power. Now, I have been saying that these higher faculties are concerned in what we call religion. Religion is not an agreement between man and God. It is not simply conversation. Religion is an appropriation of the Divine. The kind of life God has becomes ours. All who want a bargain counter religion may have it their way. What I want is to realize from the context of my life that I am in the cosmic spirit, or rather that the spirit of the Word is individualizing, as Paul would say, itself in me. This is the metaphysical way of expressing that religious experience that I am a Son of God. Having been carnal one becomes spiritual; not by a resolution, but by the divine life, the divine energy becoming mine. Paul said so. It is a most profound remark: It is God who worketh in you to will and to work for his good pleasure. And the word is, *energeo*, to energize. It is God who energises in you. We cannot spend too much time deepening our sense of these things. We must not hold them as a mere opinion as upon the whole a deduction we are not afraid to be caught holding. We cannot hold it as a deduction merely. It must be tested. Some things we can know only with our heads, and cannot know with our hearts, and there are some things we can know with our hearts, and our heads can make us not one whit more sure. And you will agree, will you not, with me that if it is true that in God we live and move and have our being and a man finds it out it will make a vast difference in him?

All of this means that you must dwell deeply. Seek the meaning and value of your life. Stay persistently in the presence of the great souls. I wish that my life had been such as to lead me to utter such a sentence as this: "He that doeth the will of God shall live forever." I have no sympathy with the view of inspiration which affirms that God told some man to write those words down whether he knew what they meant or not. No, that truth was discerned by a soul or in a soul that knew what it means to do the will of God. For my part, I am persuaded that the soul can know when there is a power not of itself working in it. Augustine uttered a most profound truth when he said, "We were made for Thee, O God, and our hearts shall not have rest till they find it in Thee." For my part I am very anxious to experience in my life what led that man to say, "He that doeth the will of God abideth forever." I believe if one can find and do the will of God he will learn whether or not John made a presumptuous claim.

All of this means that a preacher must dwell deeply. He must penetrate through the form, through the husk to the kernel. And let us confess it, we shall find that we shall have to do serious work with the doctrines before we know their meaning. I have no patience with anyone who rejoices in formal doctrine. The doctrines, including that most metaphysical one, The Trinity, arose in Christian experience. They are an effort to account for a certain kind of life. We must penetrate into that inner meaning, before we can understand the outer one. All the doctrines of the Atonement, for instance, will appear marvelously clear when we find what is the reality underlying them. The Spiritual life has inner unity, be sure of that. I am not greatly concerned about which one of the half-dozen theories of the atonement you hold to if you have the cross in your experience. If you can know, not by supposition or through the commentaries, what Paul meant when he said, "Through the cross the world has been crucified unto me, and I unto the world"—that is, that the old man of sin had been crucified and that he had learned by crucifixion how much it costs to love—why, then I have no fear that your message will be unvital.

Otherwise, I don't care how orthodox or how absurd your doctrine of atonement is.

I am anxious for myself that I shall realize both that God has given me a work and that I know what it is. Anything less than this is fatal to a minister. If he regards the ministry as a job, not only is there a joke on him, but he is a moral idiot. If we did not realize it fully at the beginning, let us try to see if we cannot do it soon. In this let me repeat in connection with the doctrine of Predestination what I said a moment ago about doctrine in general. There is one aspect of it which is gloriously true. Augustine could not understand why God did such blessed things for him. His humble conclusion was, "He must have made a favorite of me." From God's side, that of course is unthinkable, but from Augustine's side it is beautiful. Edwards said, "I feel that my sin is deep as hell." But where sin abounded grace abounded more exceedingly, for Edwards as well as for Paul. But I mean more than that yet by election. I have Mr. Preston to thank for calling to my attention this passage. I give it here because it makes so clear what I had wanted to say. We must try to realize not only God's grace abounding where sin was so abundant, but abounding in our work. In the Galatian letter, you remember, Paul was defending his apostleship. After he had established churches in Galatia some Judaizers followed his steps and sought to undo his work. One argument they used was that Paul was not an apostle, for he had never even seen the Lord. Paul heard of it and wrote this letter. He first answered that charge and this is what he says about his authority as an apostle: "God, who separated me even from my mother's womb called me through his grace to reveal his son in me, that I might preach him unto the Gentiles, wherefore I conferred not with flesh and blood." Drop the qualifying clauses and read: "God called me through His grace that he might reveal His son in me." Now, reverently, brethren, can we say that? Ask yourself that question for a month or so: "God called me through his grace to reveal his Son in me, that I might preach him" and see if you can go on with Paul, "straightway I conferred not with flesh and blood." Now pause for a moment. "That he might reveal his Son in me." He called me that I might know his son, but he wanted me to know him. So I could preach him and reveal him to others. If men want to know what God is like they look at Jesus. God called me by His grace that he might reveal himself to me in his son. And then again his son reveals to us what humanity can be. He called me by his grace that he might reveal in his son what we shall be that I might preach it to sinners. The character of God and the moral destiny of man, He called by his grace to reveal all this unto me that I might preach it. Ah, brethren, preaching becomes blessed business when this is what it means. The spiritual life I want is to realize some of these things.

There is one phrase in the New Testament that I like very much. It is a great comfort to me. It is this: "My church." Jesus' lips spoke it. He said, "I will build my church." This then is no enterprise that belongs to me. It is His, it is His! Ah well, let us put aside our vanity and conceit and fretting and settle down to our position for I guess Paul had it right, "We are laborers together with God."

Oh, yes, I know our work often seems futile. Minds are dull and sluggish, it seems, before the truth that sets us aglow. We wonder if we are getting anywhere. We try to see results. We forget that what is seen is temporal and that which is not seen is eternal. We have a promise that the truth will accomplish that whereunto He sent it and that it shall not return void. So we cannot see all that we do. Lyman Beecher did not know young Wendell Phillips rushed out of church after hearing one of his sermons and fell on his knees and dedicated his life to God. Carlyle said of the

MEMORIAL OF A MAN OF GOD

humble preacher whose sermons he had heard in his youth, "The mark of that man is on me." The greatest men we have ever heard, had by all canons of preaching, very ordinary preachers when they were boys. The influence of those men of God who preach to small country congregations, for aught I know, is greater than that of preachers who publish many books of sermons.

What is the matter with our American preachers? If anything is the matter, it is that they take too readily to every nostrum that some Ephraim sort of fellow advertises freely. They preach every sort of sermon except sermons that deal with the massive varieties of religion. Twenty-five years ago preachers dished out technical theology. Now they turn to critiques of one kind and another. They are even flippant. Put them in a great text that is a profound truth about religious verities and they will either never get out or they will make off with some scrap of it and waive it frantically as though they were trying to flag the moon. We want the fundamental things. We must live in the midst of vast designs and eternal purposes. If we dabble with this, that and the other theory we shall find some day that we have a little heap of old scraps instead of a house with enduring foundations. Let us stay then faithfully in the presence of the great verities. And let us not forget that God who commanded "Light to shine out of darkness," shined in our hearts also to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. This is the light that lighteth every man. God has called us through his grace to reveal his Son in us that we might preach Him. Wherefore let us not confer with flesh and blood only.

Most of the poems we have used were from our Minister's sermons. We finish the booklet with the following words of hope, often quoted by him, and with Paul's statement which he loved:

"I know not where those islands lift
Their fronded palms in air,
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."

"Eye hath not seen nor ear heard neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."—I Cor. 2:9.

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